

THE
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

CINCINNATI, MAY, 1845.

EVENING.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

THIS is a beautiful engraving. The artist has combined with great skill the natural beauties of several situations, and excluded from his landscape every thing which would tend to weaken the emotion which his production is fitted to excite. Mountain gently rising above mountain in the background, the translucent river slowly moving its waveless waters through the still forest, the farmer's boy driving the wearied cattle to drink the refreshing stream, the majestic sycamores lifting their heads to the clouds, and interrupted pencils of mellow light falling upon the scene from the hidden and descending sun, are all calculated to inspire that feeling of melancholy and tranquility which is the appropriate emotion of evening. The charm of the fine arts does not consist in the imitation of nature, but in the combination of such characteristics as are calculated to produce emotion. A close imitation of nature would make a confused landscape, unless the scene copied were strikingly sublime or charming; because almost every natural scene addresses itself to various emotions, and, consequently, prevents any one from rising to a great height. The genius of the artist is shown in seizing upon the grand or the beautiful characteristics, and blending them simply in such a way as to enchain the imagination, and fall with power upon the heart.

Morning is the period of cheerfulness, noon of excitement, night of solemnity; but evening is the blessed hour of quietness and peace. It is then labor releases its demand upon the wearied frame, and the vain world hushes its cares and duties, and all nature falls into harmony with the musing of the tranquil or gloomy mind. It is the hour when the maiden thinks of the lover far away, or watches for his returning footsteps, and the lone widow wends her way to the church-yard, to plant the lily on the new-made grave, and the fond youth feels "the cold urn of her whom long he loved" to fill his arms, and the swelled eyeball to pour forth "the tribute of his tears." It is at this still

period when the mourner goes forth from the habitations of man, to inquire, amid the serenity of nature, for Him whom his soul desires to see, and bending beneath some reverend oak, to pour out his heart in sighs to that God whose eye alone sees him, and whose ear alone listens to his cry.

Evening seems to be the favorite hour of the poet. The following lines of Akenside are beautifully descriptive of the summer eve:

"Come where with my prevailing lyre,
The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
To charm your doubts away.
Throned in the sun's descending car,
What power unseen diffuseth far
This tenderness of mind?
What genius smiles on yonder flood?
What god, in whispers from the wood,
Bids every thought be kind?"

How soft and charming is Goldsmith's description of evening, in the *Deserted Village*!

"Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
Then, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below,
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in soft confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made."

Evening is a suitable period for self-examination. A heathen recommends, that at the close of each day, we should pause for solemn retrospection, not only of our cares and duties, but of our predominant thoughts and affections, and the controlling motives under which we have acted. Were this direction generally complied with, how much less of sin and sorrow, and how-much more of righteousness and joy would our world present! Alas! how few, even in our Christian land, think of calling their souls to account at the close of every day! Hence the general recklessness of youth, and the prevalent indiscretion even of maturer years. Life is a busy, dusty, parched day, and death the calm, cool eve when the weary day is over.

Original.

THE MORAL SUBLIME.

BY PROFESSOR LARRABEE.

THERE is a passion, excited in the mind of man by natural scenery, called by philosophers the emotion of the sublime. The occasions on which the emotion is raised are many and various. There is sublimity in our magnificent forests, and illimitable prairies. There is sublimity in the starry heavens, as we look, on a clear night, at the innumerable shining lights that stream forth from their exhaustless fountains. There is sublimity in the clouded sky, when the red lightning darts along its resistless way, and the thunder echoes over the hills. There is sublimity in the water, as it pours over Niagara's precipice, and plunges in the abyss below. There is sublimity in the ocean, as it rolls up its waters, wave after wave, and dashes with thundering roar on the beach. Yes, there is sublimity in the ocean. It was the ocean that first raised in my infant soul the emotion of the sublime. I listened to its grand music when the morning sun arose dripping from its watery bed, when the twilight of evening was waning, and when the deep-toned bell of the distant city was striking the hour of midnight. The ocean, the boundless, the fathomless, the illimitable, when shall I again stand on its rock-ribbed shores, and see its wild waves play! The ocean alone, of all whose images are stamped on childhood's tablet, remains unchanged. The friends whose faces were then familiar, are all gone. The old house has fallen to ruins. The elms that grew about it are blasted by lightning, or prostrated by the tempest, or cut down by the axe. The snorting steam horse, dashing along with his iron hoofs, has scared away all the sylvan associations of the evergreen forest. The ocean alone is there in its sublimity, as I first beheld it, unchanged amidst surrounding changes, an image of the throne of the Eternal, that stands immutable amidst the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds.

There is sublimity in the mountain, as you look up to its lofty summit, peering above the clouds; or, as you stand on its airy heights, and look down its dizzy sides into its dark ravines, walled up by precipices a thousand feet deep. There is sublimity in the volcano, as you stand on the verge of the crater and look down deep into the bosom of earth at the boiling sea of melted rock, while the deafening roar of nature's artillery might drown the battle sounds of Austerlitz, and of Marengo, and of Waterloo—while the red flames flash toward the sky, and the waves of lava sweep over the plain.

But not natural scenes alone excite in man the emotion of the sublime. There is a sublime in morals as well as in nature. Acts of daring enterprise, of

unconquerable virtue, of magnanimity, of patriotism, of benevolence, and of heroic fortitude, may excite emotions of sublimity not less overpowering than those caused by the grandest scenes of nature.

There is not wanting sublimity in the pursuit of knowledge. The youth, struggling with poverty, with neglect, with difficulties and embarrassments, yet urging his way upward to the temple of science, presents an object of thrilling interest. The triumph of philosophy and science over nature; the lightning quiet and the thunder silent before the master-spirit of Franklin; the same power which heaves ruin and desolation from the volcano's crater, rendered, by the genius of Fulton, subservient to the interests of man, propelling the steamship across the ocean, and urging the chariot wheel over its iron track, may afford occasions of the moral sublime.

Instances of patriotic enterprise, illustrating the moral sublime, may be found in the history of every nation. But there is in the sacred records, one that, from its peculiar circumstances, deserves to be classed first among acts of moral sublimity. I refer to the patriotic sacrifice which Moses made for his people. Moses, the Hebrew, was the adopted son of the daughter of Egypt's king. He might be heir to unlimited power and exhaustless riches. Egypt was then the glory of kingdoms. Her kings had conquered the greater part of the known world. Her philosophers were skilled in all the arts and all the sciences of the day; so that the historians, and the poets, and the philosophers of classic Greece went to Egypt to enrich themselves with the learning of that renowned country. Her temples, her palaces—the world has never seen such. Her Thebes poured forth from its hundred gates its hundred thousand warriors. Her Memnon's statue with strange music saluted the rising sun. Her pyramids, which yet remain, though beat upon by the winds and rains of forty centuries, were then fresh and fair. The Hebrews were slaves in the land—abject, degraded, miserable slaves. The blight of four hundred years of oppression had fallen on their spirit. Their fatherland was in the possession of strangers. Their heritage was poverty—their life unceasing toil—their home a dreary, comfortless mud cabin. To Moses was given the choice, either to remain the son of the king's daughter, and enjoy the power, the riches, and the glory of the kingdom, or to suffer affliction with his people—to associate with princes, or with slaves—to live in a splendid palace, or a mud hut—to be buried, when life should be over, in a pyramid, or on a desolate mountain, where no man might know his sepulchre. He chose the latter. He cast away the pleasures, the riches, the honors of Egypt's court, and became the leader of those who had nothing to give him in return. History records no instance of patriotism like this.

The records of benevolent enterprise may furnish many illustrations of the moral sublime. Acts of pure benevolence—acts prompted merely by the love of human kind—acts performed at the sacrifice of one's ease, pleasure, and personal interest, are eminently calculated to move the deep fountains of human feeling. Among pure philanthropists, those whose lives and fortunes have been devoted to ameliorate the lot of the unhappy, stands first the name of Howard. He chose for the field of his operations that department of human suffering which all others had overlooked. He went to the prison—he entered the deep, dark, damp dungeon cell—he listened to the prisoner's tale of woe. He administered medicine to the sick, and consolation to the broken-hearted. He went from city to city, exploring all the prisons of his native land, and bringing to the light the secret horrors of the prison-house. He then visited the continent, and went from state to state, and from kingdom to kingdom, not, like the warrior, to subdue cities and subvert thrones, nor, like the philosopher, to seek for knowledge, but to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to sound the depths of human suffering. He has thus invested his very name with a halo of glory. To pronounce that name swells the heart of humanity with emotion.

The class of philanthropists known as reformers furnish many instances of the moral sublime. The reformer has often to stand solitary and alone against the world. The stormy waves of popular opinion are beating about him. He must not only stand firm against those waves, but he must direct their current to another channel. It is his to change long established opinions and customs, fortified by prejudice and interest. Men ardently love their opinions: they love their interest better. It thence becomes a herculean task to change public opinion, when the change necessarily interferes with the business pursuits of community. The last century furnishes an example of a single individual, humble and unpretending, one of the people, having nothing to entitle him to special attention, attempting a measure of reform, and succeeding in it, with the entire British empire and all the world beside against him. When Wilberforce first mentioned to his friends his design to subvert the policy of the British government in relation to the African slave trade—a trade which had existed for centuries—a trade in which were employed British ships, and British sailors, and British capital—a trade whose profits found their way, by a thousand channels, to every man, and every woman, and every child in the kingdom—he was met by one universal burst of opposition. On making a motion in Parliament for the appointment of a committee to investigate the policy of the trade, he was

treated with positive rudeness, and utterly refused a hearing. But the British Parliament, though its laws govern half the world, could not restrain the rising spirit of Wilberforce. The British treasury, though it had at its command the wealth of the Indies, could not buy off his conscience from its righteous decisions. The British government, though on its dominions the sun never sets—though it might crush half the kingdoms of Europe at a blow—though it might wrest the sceptre from the powerful grasp of Napoleon, and imprison him in the rocky fortress of a sea-girt isle, far away in the Atlantic, could not subdue the soul of Wilberforce. Onward he went, in spite of the world, until he saw the British Parliament, the British nation, the British empire, submissive at his feet. Noble and happy old man! The greatest empire of earth arose to do him homage. He reached the goal of human life with his silvered brows covered with laurels of victory and of triumph. Yet were those laurels not dripping with blood, nor wet with the tears of the captive. No curse, no blight shall rest on them. They shall remain ever green, ever fresh, so long as the human heart shall respond to deeds of noble philanthropy.

There is another class of reformers, furnishing an illustration of our subject—reformers in religion. Among the most remarkable of these is Luther. Martin Luther was, in early life, but a common man, in no way distinguished above his associates. The power of Catholicism was at its height, and what a height that was we may form some idea by reading any history of the times. It was the age of the Inquisition, the torture, and the stake. Human governments could afford no protection against the power of the Pope. His authority was supreme in nearly all the civilized world. Kings had attempted to resist this authority; but they had either been reduced to submission or crushed in the effort. The potentates of Europe had combined their energies to extricate themselves from the incubus of Papal oppression; but ail to no purpose. Luther alone, unaided, without any other advantages than those common to every man, resolved to emancipate the mind and the conscience of the world from the power of the Pope. He brought to the undertaking a resistless, untiring energy. He scanned the whole ground, took his position, and defied the power of the Pope to move him from his purpose. The struggle was desperate. It was a war for liberty—not physical, but mental liberty. The world was looking on the contest, anxious for the result. And a glorious result it was. The human mind burst its shackles, as Sampson did the cords with which the Philistines bound him, arose in its might, put on the habiliments of power, and went forth on its brilliant career of discovery and conquest.

Our own times are not wanting for illustrations of the moral sublime, in the department of Christian benevolence. The missionary enterprise has for its object one of the grandest conceptions that ever entered the human mind—the enlightening, educating, elevating to the dignity of its nature, the whole human race. Its field is the world—the world with all its continents and islands, its hills and valleys, its mountains and plains. Its line of operation extends from India's coral strand to Oregon's boundless forests—from Hudson's frozen bay to Magellan's misty straits. Its subjects are the men of every clime, and every color, and every tongue—the fair Circassian, the swarthy Indian, and the dark African. Its efficient force is a band of heroes, such as the classic soil of Greece never produced, and the sunny vales of Italy never nourished. Leaving his home, his country, his friends, all that the world holds dear, the missionary, bearing aloft the standard of the cross, boldly marches forward in the face of difficulties, such as neither Hannibal, nor Cæsar, nor Napoleon ever encountered. No clarion of war, no alarum drum, but the silver-toned trumpet of the Gospel, announces his approach. No blood-stained battle plains, no ravaged fields, no smoking ruins mark his passage. The earth grows green where his foot has been, and the horn of plenty pours out her exhaustless gifts. No groan of grief, no sigh of sorrow, no wailing words of woe, no weeping widow, no helpless orphan's cry is heard along his path. The blessing of him that was ready to perish rests on his name. Humanity rises to do him honor, and the voices of earth and heaven unite in saying, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!"

History affords several examples of heroic fortitude, which none can contemplate without emotions of sublimity. But there is a scene, often occurring within our own observation, unspeakably sublime. I refer to the triumphant death of the Christian. There is something in the idea of death appalling to every human being. The very grass beneath your feet instinctively shrinks from it. The worm that crawls along your path shudders at it. Man, thinking, reasoning, foreseeing man, looks at it with horror indescribable. All that he hath will he give for his life. This dread of death, so deep, so appalling, can only be subdued by some extraordinary influence. The warrior may meet death with what the world calls courage. The culprit may meet it with sullen obstinacy. The philosopher may meet it with resignation. But only the Christian can meet it with triumph. He approaches that dark valley of the shadow of death, from whose gloomy precincts none ever return. He sees before him that black stream, on whose banks there grows no living thing, and on whose leaden waters there floats not even a wreck of all

that has been. Of all his friends, not one can go with him through that dark valley—not one can cross with him that oblivious tide. That he should meet death with resignation would be grand—that he meets it with triumph is inconceivably sublime.

Such a scene we witnessed not long since. There was among us a man in his maturity—a man whose eye was not dimmed by age, nor his natural strength abated through infirmity. Time's frosty fingers had scarcely touched his brow. He had selected him a spot where he hoped to spend a long life. He had built him a cottage, and surrounded it with beauty. The wife of his youth was with him. The children of his heart clustered about his hearth. Beloved at home, honored abroad, he was just prepared for a long and happy life. In the midst of all, death—death that respects none—death that accepts no substitute for his victim—death that gives back those whom he calls hence not to the weeping eye, nor to the broken heart—death knocked at his door, and summoned him away to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns. Short was the time allowed for preparation. Yet the good man could not leave this beautiful world, with all its loved scenes and fond associations, without casting one longing, lingering look behind. Rising up in his bed, looking out of the open window on the earth smiling in summer beauty, he exclaimed, "My native land, farewell!" Casting his eyes on his wife, and children, and weeping friends, and waving his hand, again he exclaimed, with indescribable emotion, "*My native land, farewell!*" Then there seemed to appear before him the ladder which old Jacob saw, extending from earth to heaven. His intercourse seemed to be with another world. Pæans of triumph were sung with his dying voice; shouts of "victory! victory!" seemed to die away on his expiring breath. Long will it be before those who beheld that scene of triumph can forget it—long will it be before those songs of victory will cease to echo on our hearts. The Christian may enjoy in his dying hour such a scene of triumph as none of earth's chieftains ever enjoyed. They were sometimes drawn, through the open gates of the city, in a chariot, with the captives taken in war following behind. But the Christian, in the triumph of the last hour, seems to mount that chariot of fire which appeared to Elijah, the prophet, and to be borne through the gates of pearl, and along the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, with death a captive, and bound to the chariot wheels.

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EVERY young person should ask himself, "What is my aim, my enterprise, my object?" If we commence life with nothing particularly in view, we shall be sure to end it with no acquisition.

Original.

TO ROSCRANA.*

BY REV. E. M'CLURE.

COME, with thy blue eyes softly beaming
 In tenderness and love,
 Child though thou art—an angel seeming,
 With heav'n's own light around thee gleaming,
 And gentle as a dove—
 Come to my arms, Roscrana.

Come, let me untie those golden tresses,
 Braided by sister hands;
 Why should the "curl" which nature blesses,
 Playful as thine own fond caresses,
 Be bound by silken bands,
 My own, my sweet Roscrana?

What mean those sidelong glances stealing?
 That tiptoe step of thine?
 Thus early is thy soul revealing
 That half assured, that timid feeling,
 Too much, alas! like mine,
 My beautiful Roscrana?

Oft as thy *tiny* arms are clinging
 In fondness round my own,
 Though bitter thoughts my bosom wringing,
 This lovely song my soul is singing:
 I am not *all* alone,
 With thee, my sweet Roscrana.

Yes, let the world keep all its treasures—
 Ambition, wealth, and fame,
 Imply too oft unworthy measures—
 O, let me have those holier pleasures
 That cling around thy name,
 My heart's own word, Roscrana.

And when my spirit has departed
 From out this feeble clay,
 If on the path of life faint-hearted,
 When tears fresh from thine eyes have started,
 A guardian angel may
 Dry up those tears, Roscrana.

Then shall thine unseen parent hover
 Around thine aching head,
 And till the mortal strife be over,
 Her wings of love that head shall cover,
 Nor leave thee till the *dead*
 Shall claim its own, Roscrana.

Leave, then, thy play of hide-and-seeking;
 Art thou not tired, my love?
 The evening dews are o'er thee weeping:

* Roscrana, in the Irish tongue, means, literally, *the beam of the morning sun*. It is the name of the mother of Ossian; so that of course it is a popular name in Ireland. This, however, was not the *reason* that the writer selected it for his youngest daughter.

Come, for the stars at thee are peeping,
 And while thine eyes are closed in sleeping,
 Dream of that land above,
 My blue eyed, sweet Roscrana.

Original.

THE SCYTHE OF DEATH.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH M. BLAIR.

"As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more," Psalm ciii, 15, 16.

THE modest flow'ret nods amid
 The meadow's waving grass,
 But soon will droop its beauteous head
 When the scythe before it pass.

So do the young, the beautiful,
 Earth's fairest ones decay;
 The scythe of *death* doth mow them down
 As unrelentingly.

Thus when so swift to pass away
 The flow'rs of life we cherish,
 How doubly dear to us should be
 The joys that never perish.

A home to have beyond the skies,
 Where death can have no part,
 Where pain, disease, or sorrow's sighs
 Shall no more touch the *heart*.

Original.

SONNET.

BY BENJAMIN T. CUSHING.

'Tis a delicious morn in early spring:
 The air is fresh, the skies are brightly blue;
 Then for a time away my books I fling,
 And from the hill tops brush the sparkling dew:
 There do I meet thee, nature, glad and true;
 And borne aloft on contemplation's wing,
 I drink the nectared pleasures she can bring!
 I hear the linnet's chant—the turtle's coo—
 I see the landscape decked with budding trees;
 The fleecy sheep bleat from the tender sod,
 And, lo! as yonder river feels the breeze,
 One glorious smile o'erwalks the quivering flood!
 Deep in my soul are mirrored scenes like these—
 They bid me love, enjoy, and worship God.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man!
 How passing wonder He who made him such!

Original.

THE PARTY.

"*Smile!* I have the pleasure of seeing you home *now?*" said a young man to fair girl, who was present with him at an evening party.

"What, *now*, Mr. B.?" replied Candace; "they are just beginning to play; and though I care not to join them, yet might they not take offense at so early and abrupt a departure?"

"If they are offended I cannot help it," replied Mr. B. "They knew my principles, and those of others present, who are professors of religion. They knew we would not have accepted the invitation if we had supposed vain amusements were to be the order of the evening. They know that we cannot join in their diversions, without subjecting ourselves to the censure of our religious friends and the sacrifice of a good conscience. My example may have an influence on others. I have resolved to go."

This was spoken in a mild, but firm tone of voice, which evinced that his determination was fixed. His last remark was heard by several of the company, who had approached while he was speaking.

It was with evident reluctance the young lady consented; but at length taking the arm of the young gentleman, with due politeness they bade the company "good evening." Their example was followed by several others, who were professedly pious.

Candace A. was the daughter of a gentleman of strict integrity and piety, but who had recently died, leaving a handsome estate to be divided among his family. His residence was on the border of one of those grove-dotted prairies that beautify a portion of the Western Reserve, and so near to Lake Erie as to hear, at times, the midnight music of its billows. The father of Candace died as the Christian dieth. And it was hoped that his last admonitions to his children would result in her consecration to the Lord. But though her gentle heart deeply felt the bereavement, yet the seriousness which for a time settled down on her countenance proved, alas! as the morning cloud and the early dew.

She was in the attracting bloom of seventeen. Without being positively beautiful, she possessed a face strikingly expressive of intelligence and the gentle virtues of the female heart. Her dark eye beamed with peculiar lustre in conversation, in which she particularly excelled. Her voice was of that clear, silvery tone which one loves to hear in woman. She sang well, and there was an attracting simplicity and politeness in her deportment, which made her the admiration of every circle in which she was found. Previous to the death of her father, Candace resided a part of her time with a relative at a distance from home. Here she was introduced into the gayest society, and, as might

have been expected of one at her age, acquired a passionate fondness for fashionable amusements, especially dancing. After her father's decease she resided at home, with her widowed mother, a brother, and three younger sisters.

Among those who were attracted by the charms of Candace was Mr. B., whom we have already introduced to the reader. He was a young man of twenty-two, of a respectable family; and he had recently become pious, and, with several of his youthful associates, joined the Church. There was something in the disposition of Candace that accorded with his own. She was fond of reading, had a poetic taste, was fond of society, and there was in her character an enthusiastic tinge, which imparted an engaging earnestness to her conversation and actions. Her seriousness had also attracted his notice, and he was prompted to believe she would soon become pious. She was well satisfied that the marked attentions of Mr. B. were not sportive or without motive. A mutual attachment was ripening between them when the party referred to occurred. The marked reluctance with which Candace left the party, awakened in the breast of Mr. B. a sensation of uneasiness and doubt. Was he placing his affections on one whose taste and habits he could not sanction nor, perhaps, control?

On their way home, the young lady remarked, with some spirit, that certainly she could see no harm in such innocent amusements, and that if she were even a Church member she could, as she thought, engage in them freely. Mr. B. made but a brief reply, stating that he had tried it to his own satisfaction, and that he knew that any employment on which we could not ask the Divine blessing, would be succeeded by remorse and self-condemnation. No feeling of resentment, however, had entered the breast of Mr. B. The regard he had for Candace was pure and deep, and as he bid her adieu for the evening, he gently pressed her hand, saying, "If you will think seriously on the subject, I trust our views will be alike." "Perhaps so," she replied pleasantly, and bade him good evening.

A short time after this, a public ball was announced in the papers, and a general invitation given.

"What do you think, Mr. B.," said Candace one evening, "I am going to the ball on Tuesday."

"Indeed," replied he; "that is news to me. But are you in earnest, Miss Candace," continued he, gravely.

"Certainly I am, and hope you have no objection."

This was said in a tone which indicated emotion, which she endeavored to conceal by a constrained laugh.

"I suppose," replied Mr. B., somewhat coolly,

"I have no right to object; and if I had, it would be useless, as you know my sentiments already on the subject."

"O, yes," said she, laughing; "but you must not be offended, for really I don't care much about going; but cousin Sophia and Adelia W. say they won't go without me. Besides, every body is to be there. And really that teasing Col. A.—I could not get rid of him except by consenting to go."

"So then Col. A. is your company," said Mr. B., lifting his eyes slowly and fixing them upon the slightly agitated countenance of the girl, who replied, "Yes: I hate him, but I have promised, and must go with him." The young man left the room, with the deeply settled conviction that he must cease to think of Candace A. as he had hitherto done.

Col. A. was a young man of prepossessing appearance and manners. In mental endowments nature had not been parsimonious toward him, and his mind was improved by a tolerably good education. Polite, insinuating, and agreeable, he had secured a respectable position in the gay world, and though but twenty-six, he held an honorable post in the militia. In moral character he was defective, and this was observable to all but Candace A. True, she knew he would "swear;" but then he was no "professor." She knew, also, that he drank a social glass in company; and on one occasion she could not close her eyes to the fact that he was partially intoxicated. But he was only "sowing his wild oats," and when married he would be sober enough.

From the day of the ball, flushed with hope, he pressed his attentions on the unwary girl with little intermission. Mr. B. saw with painful emotions the impression made on the mind of the fair and youthful Candace; and he imagined that her courtesies toward the Colonel were more marked and specific by way of retaliation for his own studied coolness. He would have seriously remonstrated, but his pride refused: it would seem like pleading for himself. Moreover, after what had occurred, it was doubtful if she could ever be the object of his choice. She had wantonly disregarded his feelings, preferred the gay trifler to himself, for company and counsel, and he slowly but firmly resolved to leave her to her fate.

A few months rolled by, and Candace became the wife of Col. A., and not long after Mr. B. became a minister of the Gospel, and took his departure to a distant field of labor.

It was an afternoon in August, some four years after, that Mr. B. was seen approaching the residence of Candace A. He had learned the story of her misfortune, and resolved on a ride of a few miles to see her. She resided in an old dilapidated dwelling, on a farm which, owing to the decease of

its owner, and an improper administration of the estate, had gone to waste. As the young minister stepped over the broken bars, the house was but a few rods before him, deeply embowered in the branches of fruit trees. A small square window, from which every pane was broken, admitted the light. The latchless door stood partly open. To the gentle rap, a low voice responded, "Walk in." He entered. Before him sat a female, pale and emaciated. She was engaged in sewing. A child leaned on her knee, another was in the cradle, which she rocked with her foot. Our visitor had paused as he closed the door, and fixed his eye with an inquiring look on the form before him. She instantly recognized him, and rising, exclaimed, as the blood rushed over her marble brow, "Is it possible, Mr. B.?" "And is this Candace?" "It is all that remains of her," she replied, endeavoring to suppress her emotions, and half involuntarily sunk back into her chair. As Mr. B. glanced his eye around the wretched apartment, every thing gave evidence of destitution and abject poverty; and though prepared for the scene as he was, yet he could not restrain the gathering tears, which, in spite of his efforts, fell on his cheek.

Half an hour was spent in conversation. She was frank and confiding, and with unaffected simplicity, related the story of her grief. Shortly after their marriage, Col. A. resigned himself wholly to his cups, reckless of time, character, and property. What his wife inherited was expended, from time to time, for the necessities of life, and for *rum*, till all was gone. Yet she mingled with her sad tale apologies for her abuser; she spoke of his kindness when not intoxicated, and of the hope she yet had of his reformation. But it was evident, from all she said, that her inheritance was withered joys and blasted hopes, that she was a wretched mother, and a broken-hearted wife.

Ten years after, in a secluded neighborhood, at a meeting for worship, Mr. B. once more met the unfortunate associate of his early years. She retained in her countenance scarcely a single trace of her former self, save that in the lustre of that dark eye there was still something to wake the memories of other and brighter days. She was still a doomed woman. No one in the assembly was so meanly clad. Traces of intelligence and benevolence still lingered on her brow; but they were intermingled with the deep drawn lines of disappointment and despair.

Poor Candace! how did thy indiscretions bring a speedy eclipse over the bright morning of thy life! Her passion for vain amusements turned the scale of her destiny; and long, long years of bitter and unavailing repentance ensued. Unhappy Candace, may thy heart find relief in the consolations of redeeming love! and when thy cup of sorrow shall be

exchanged for the chalice of death, may thy crushed spirit find repose from the storms of adversity, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." LAMDA.

Lamda is well known to the editor, who doubts not to vouch for him. L. thus speaks in his note:

"DEAR DOCTOR,—Here is another story. You may think it wears the livery of fiction; but it is true, substantially true, in all its features. As the parties are living, I did not wish to be more explicit."

Original.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY LIFE.

BY DR. HENDERSHOTT.

THE retrospections of life are among the purest sources of intellectual pleasure. Who, with ourselves, that has been an inhabitant of this beautiful Miami valley for the last thirty-nine years, has not witnessed, with deep emotion, the wonderful physical and moral transformations that have been effected within that period?

In the autumn of 1806, the allotments of a rather capricious destiny placed me in the midst of a then wild and far-reaching wilderness, near to where the flourishing town of Piqua now stands. The cabin which received my father's family had, even then, the appearance of great antiqueness, and, in the dialect of that day, was yeceleped a *wigwam*. Tradition could furnish no account of the builder of that tenement, nor of what order of beings had preceded us in its occupancy. It was standing *perdue*, upon a little swell of ground near the Miami river, immured by a dense and almost impenetrable coppice, and the road that led to it had scarcely been marked by any other foot-print save that of the wandering Indian.

To one who had been thus suddenly transported from the staid and sober scenes of civilized life, into one that everywhere bore the impress of primeval grandeur, and untamed magnificence, the contrast was great and inconceivable; but to a young and inquisitive mind, so easily ensnared by the charms of novelty, there was something to be sought out, in this new field of observation, that kept it for ever *atilt*, in pursuit of fresh entertainments. Nature had never appeared in so rich a livery. Her vestments had not yet been soiled by the conceited officiousness of art—her forests remained untouched by the woodman's axe—the luxuriant herbage and flowers that carpeted her meadows, had not yet been trampled on, except by the browsing, timid deer—her landscapes were fresh and enlivening—her odors were sweet—the minstrelsy of her birds was delightful, and her waters were pellucid and clear. The din of enlightened enterprise

had not yet broke upon the stillness of this wild domain. There was naught to be heard through the day but the shrill whoop of some vagrant hunter, or the crack of his rifle upon some innocent victim that had fallen a prey to his savage instinct. The night was vocal only with the plaintive wailings of the owl, or the more terrific howl of the wolf, who was out upon the "leads," to glut his voracious propensities.

I need not say how soon my boyish sympathies were enlisted in the romantic vocations of a border life—how soon I yielded to the alluring excitements of the chase; but being so little accustomed to these sports, and a neophyte at best in the use of the rifle, I lost no time in taking such practical lessons in *marksmanship* as would qualify me for any exigency that might occur. These lessons were taught me by Bluejacket, an Indian of some note, belonging to the Shawnee tribe, with whom I had soon got on terms of familiar intimacy. This fellow had some French blood coursing through his veins, and to a mind naturally shrewd and vivacious he united a great deal of cunning and duplicity. He had high pretensions to the art of *healing*, and relied, for his success, exclusively on *amulets* and mystical representation. Our hunting ground was often through the labyrinths and "jungles" which then grew on the site where Piqua now stands. It was the *day-couch* of numerous animals, which might soon be routed by the sagacity of a well-trained dog. This spot still exhibited the traces of an ancient Indian settlement, although most of the generation that formed it were swept away by the hostile invasion of Gen. Clarke, in the year 1781. The survivors of that generation still hallowed it with feelings of mingled veneration and awe, claiming, *ideally*, a kind of ancestral right to it, because it contained the sepulchral remains of their fathers.

But to my aboriginal cicerone. We fished, and fowled, and hunted together for two years, during which time he had fairly initiated me into all the *abracadabras* of his tribe. I had now become a better *shot* than he; and when the game was distant, and the chance of success doubtful, he would yield me the *precedence*. On one occasion he rescued me from imminent peril; and it is but due to his memory that I should here relate the incident. An Indian is always expert in mechanical expedients; and there is no emergency, however sudden or disastrous, but he is always prepared to meet it. He will build a canoe, to transport himself and family to any distance on the water, in thirty minutes. This he does out of bark, taken from the smooth hickory. Although it is a light fabric, and seemingly fragile, yet its safety consists in its *buoyancy*, rather than in the strength of the material out of which it is made. It was in one of these little, temporary *barques* that we were gliding down

the river, at a late hour of the night, looking for deer, *moosing* along its margin, when I unluckily tumbled overboard into deep water. Bluejacket, well knowing that I could not swim, plunged after me, and with the agility of an otter, soon fished me out, and reseated me in the canoe.

On another occasion, we were pursuing a flock of turkeys through one of those immense swamps, or lagoons, which in those days overspread large portions of the country, extending from the alluvial bottoms along the river. In this excursion we discovered the carcass of a deer, about half eaten, but which was most providently covered up with leaves and brushwood. This Bluejacket explained to be the work of a panther, though he said the *catamount* had been known to imitate the habits of the panther in these acts of concealment; and so it appeared to be in the instance here mentioned; for we had proceeded but a short distance before our dogs sprang upon the feline monster, which, pressed rather closely, sought refuge in the top of a tree. Vain and fruitless retreat! for no sooner was the unerring rifle of the Indian poised on his stalwart arm, than the doomed animal made a death-leap toward the ground, on which it fell without life or motion. In the course of that evening I became separated from my tawny companion, and very soon discovered that I was lost. I wandered for a long time in search of some beacon that might conduct me in safety to the cabin whence I had set out in the morning; but no gleam of light broke on the dark and bewildering perplexities of my condition. My affrighted imagination conjured up a thousand horrors that almost congealed the blood in my veins. I thought of those prowling vampyres of the forest, whose murderous instinct would be sure to scent me out before morning. I might perish of cold, as it was then late in autumn. In the midst of these tremors and agitations, when hope had well nigh expired, I espied a flight of *geese* at a great elevation in the air. It occurred to me at once that they were on a migratory journey to the south; and upon an incident so entirely casual I pitched my course for home. After traveling for an hour, in a state of most painful incertitude, I heard the report of a gun, succeeded by an unearthly *yell*, that resounded through the unbroken silence of the woods like the voice of destiny. I accelerated my speed in that direction; and on coming to the spot I found, to my inexpressible joy, it was Bluejacket, perched on a high reclining tree, essaying to recall me, if possible, from the dangers and solitude of the desert.

After two such remarkable deliverances, in both of which death seemed inevitable, I can never think of this Indian but with awakened feelings of gratitude and affection. And as one who has been so

long and intimately acquainted with this unfortunate race, and has so attentively marked the distinctions of character which have ever kept them insulated from every other class of human beings, I must here be allowed to indulge a reflection upon that hard destiny that has driven them from our borders. I am aware, however, that this is neither the time nor the place for such discussion. I only design to say that being the friend of the Indian, I would address myself briefly to the consideration of those persons who have fostered prejudices against them, founded on error and misrepresentation—prejudices not wholly unaccompanied by a very culpable ignorance, and which justice and truth must alike deplore and condemn. The history of these people, from immemorial time, has been a history of wrong and oppression. Flung as they were, by whatever power or agency, upon this continent, they had acquired, by *priority of settlement*, an imprescriptible right to its soil. Of this right they have been deprived for a succession of ages; and it does not become me to say upon what principle of fairness and equity, in the administration of enlightened jurisprudence, they have been so dispossessed. In many cases I know they were met by the solemn forms of treaties; but innocent, and unsuspecting, and uncultivated, they were easily beguiled into terms of compliance, by which they have ever been the suffering party. They have, in all cases, been the victims of a *constrained necessity*, wherever there has been an interest worth contending for, of which they had the rightful disposal. And to a mind of thought and sensibility, it is painful to reflect on that selfish policy that has forced them away from their homes, and their council-fires, and the tombs of their ancestors, many of whom, while living, had enacted deeds of heroic virtue, that should entitle their memories to the veneration of posterity. Where can there be found, in the annals of the present, or any preceding age, a finer spirit, a more generous or magnanimous nature, combining all the essential elements of human greatness, than was the immortal Logan's? Though a savage by birth and education, without any of that moral culture which belongs to the customs and habitudes of polished life, yet it was impossible to stand in the presence of so noble and commanding a form without being struck with the inherent attributes of a mind which, under better auspices, might have won for its possessor the highest elevation in the scale of renown. I never beheld an Indian wearing so fine an air of majesty. His person was tall, uniting the most perfect harmony of proportion with great muscular strength. His features had been cast in the true Roman mold, and bespoke for him a high grade of intelligence and manly firmness. He had an eye that was serenely proud, whose fire age had

not quenched, and under whose kindling ardor no craven-hearted foe could repose. He seemed prepared to meet the most important events with the dignity and sternness which had ever marked his principles. He was the friend of American liberty. To this liberty his life had been consecrated; and toward its closing scene, he gave such proofs of his fidelity and allegiance to this cause as very few exhibited who enjoyed a much larger share of its blessings. Immediately on the opening of the last war, his deep-toned voice was heard among the sachems of his tribe, in behalf of the frontier settlements stretching along our northwestern borders, whose safety from the *ulterior* belligerent hordes was mainly owing to the interposition of this loyal chief. He had often periled his life in being the bearer of dispatches to and from the different garrisons then stationed upon our lines; and no man enjoyed more deservedly, the confidence and esteem of the commanding officers of the army to whom he had rendered so great and signal service.

But the hour had come in which he was to lay down his life, *self-surrendered*, upon the altar of his country. A Kentucky officer, Gen. P., whose very soul was festering with indignation at every object that bore a complexional *copper hue*, and being largely inflated with that silly, ancestral pride, on which he rated himself, for *scalping Indians*, had an interview with Logan. In that interview he charged the veteran chief with *perfidy*, and commanded him, *ex professo*, to withdraw himself from our ranks, and to be seen no more fighting under the American standard. To a mind so keenly sensitive and discerning, conscious of its own rectitude and purity of intention, the oburgation was insupportable: he retired and wept! and in that instant he planned an expedition, involving the greatest personal hazard, of which he was to be the leader, and by which, at whatever issue, he determined to retrieve himself from so flagitious and groundless an imputation. He set out on this eventful enterprise, accompanied by three of his comrades, and on the evening of the third day they were met and captured by a strolling party of British and Indians, who seized upon and bore them off in malignant triumph. But Logan was not long disposed to follow in this doubtful and lugubrious wake, and resolved, on the first befitting occasion, to rid himself of so humiliating a condition. His dark, piercing eye emitted a death glare upon his enemies, like that of some *couchant* tiger eager for his prey. He gave to his little band the signal to fire, himself, in the meantime, laying two of his captors in the dust; but a ball struck him simultaneously from the adverse party, and he fell to the ground. At that instant one of his comrades, a stout, athletic Indian, who had escaped unhurt, seized him

with the grasp of Hercules, and bore him out of the reach of danger. They then made for the nearest fort, (*Defiance*, I think,) and very shortly after reaching it the venerated chief expired. Peace to his memory! But the repertory of heaven will some day disclose the merited retributions of that officer, who could be thus guilty of the blood of so pure and devoted a patriot.

Here I should not omit to mention the several instances in which I enjoyed the hospitalities of this noble Indian at his own village, (*Waupaukonetta*.) At a very early period of my life, he often conducted me thither, to witness the curious and singular modes of living which characterized his people, as well as to participate in those great annual feasts that generally occurred in the fall season. These feasts were ostensibly got up for the purpose of allowing a more united and universal expression of their homage to the Great Spirit, for his providential regards over them as a nation. On these occasions they would assemble in troop-ing multitudes, from a great distance; and they always went prepared to enter into competition for the highest distinction in richness of costume, and personal decoration, as well as to do ample justice to the great variety of *edibles* collected, which, to appetites whetted into fury by several days' starvation, was no trifling inducement. The *preliminary* exercises consisted in the delivery of several speeches by the head men and warriors of the tribe, in which they recounted the remarkable feats they had achieved in battle, the successes of the chase, or any heroic action which might secure the honors and applause of the nation. To a spectator like myself, however, the great object of these convocations appeared to be, to *eat and to dance*. The dances were conducted upon a system of the most perfect regularity, and often continued for two days, or longer, with but little interruption. Their *music* was nothing more nor less than a monotonous thumping with a stick upon a rude drum, accompanied by the voices of the dancers, and mingled with the rattling of gourds containing pebbles, and the jingling of small bells, bears' claws, or any thing else worn as ornaments. At times every voice would be hushed, except two or three young females, who would take the centre of the ring, and, in the true spirit of rivalry, chant some love-stirring madrigal, in order to woo into tenderness the hearts of their respective suitors.

Examples of beauty, or *extreme prettiness*, among the women were rare. If strength, proportions on a scale that is scarcely feminine, and symmetry that was more anatomically than poetically perfect, are allowed to enter into the estimate, I certainly have seen some Indian women who might be called handsome. The men, on such occasions, took uncommon pains to render themselves agreeable, by

assuming all the hideous and startling forms of *equipment* that a wild and savage fancy could invent. It seldom happened that two of a group were accoutred precisely alike, as it was always desirable to give the *tout ensemble* as much of a party-colored character as possible. In their selection of *paints* they preferred those only which were most brilliant; and in disposing them upon the face and *body*, (often *nude* in such revelous scenes,) they exhibited the likeness of every species of quadruped, bird, and reptile. In most cases their heads were closely shaven, except on the apex or *crown* there was left a long tuft of hair, in which there sported a bunch of falcon feathers, as emblematic of true, indomitable courage. There was, in these exhibitions, a good deal of pretended sanctity, but to one who did not understand the occult workings of mind which moved a few of the presiding spirits of the scene, they appeared more like the vehement outbursts of Pandemonium than any thing else.

But in all the ceremonials which I observed, there were none so tenaciously adhered to, and which seemed to afford such a perfect transport of delectation, to all parties, as that of *eating*. The council-house, a low, narrow building, extending near two hundred feet in length, was the scene of these gastronomic operations; and such piles of barbecued animals! such abounding reservoirs of soup! huge trays of dumplings, rolling up into pyramids—great blocks of maple sugar—beans, corn, and pumpkins—melons, cucumbers, and squashes, with a variety of regalements long since forgotten. In looking over this vast field of entertainment, I began to tremble in thinking of my own liability. I well knew what would be expected of me; and how to meet those expectations I did not even dare to conjecture. It was a sort of intercommunion to which I had not been accustomed. Not to eat at an Indian feast—indeed, not to eat *all that was offered you*, was deemed a high offense against the laws of hospitality, and might subject you to their hate and displeasure. Suffice it to say, I kept good faith with my (implied) engagements, so far as I was able to escape the vigilance of eyes that were ever and anon upon me; for whatever I did not lawfully consume, I took care to deposit, *stealthily*, in some chink or crevice in the wall where I was seated.

—•••••
SEE, how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And murmuring then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on time's eventful sea;
And having swelled a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity! MOORE.

Original.

SCRIPTURAL PORTRAITURES OF WOMAN.*

BY MRS. L. F. MORGAN.

DEBORAH.

THE victorious leader of the Israelitish army into Canaan, had long slept in the tomb of Timnatheres. The generation that had shared and witnessed his triumphs, had also been "gathered to their fathers." One after another had succeeded and passed away, each having forsaken the service of the true God for the worship of idols, and been chastised and reclaimed by most fearful judgments, thus leaving their sin and its punishment at once an example and a warning to their posterity. That posterity, in the forcible language of Scripture, "corrupted themselves yet more than their fathers, in following other gods, to serve them and bow down unto them; they ceased not from their own doings, nor from their stubborn way." Then the Lord delivered them into the hand of Jabin, king of Hazor, the captain of whose host seems to have been a man with heart as hard and unbending as his "chariots of iron," and "for twenty years," says the inspired historian, "he mightily oppressed them." Let us glance, for a moment, at the condition of the land under that dread oppression. "The inhabitants of the villages ceased." No longer congregated in social communities, the descendants of Abraham were scattered, as slaves and fugitives, throughout the realm of which they were the predicted lords. "The highways were unoccupied," probably infested with robbers and murderers, delighting in plunder and death. They were wholly unfrequented by the timid and dispirited Israelites. "The travelers walked through by-ways." Stealthily and secretly they pursued their journeys through untrodden and secluded paths, while no house of hospitable entertainment invited them to enter, with the promise of welcome and security. "War was in the gates;" yet so incapable of self-defense had the people become, whose rapid and resistless conquests once startled the surrounding nations, that "not a shield or spear could be seen among forty thousand." "In the places of drawing water" resounded "the noise of archers." Those ancient and valued wells, so rare in that sultry climate, and therefore so precious, the scene of many an event consecrated by memory, and dear to affection, where their ancestors had drank and held communion, were now rendered a perilous and unquiet haunt by the presence of their enemies. "They chose new gods." This was their crowning sin, and the real cause of all their calamities. They had willfully rejected the authority of Jehovah, and plunged into the base idolatry against which they had been so

* Continued from page 336, Vol. IV.

repeatedly and impressively warned. Well, then, might the deplorable consequences ensue so vividly depicted in her own striking and poetical description, when "Deborah arose a mother in Israel," a prophetess, and a judge, presenting the first example of female government in the annals of mankind. Of her history, previous to the stormy period at which she is introduced to our notice, or the discipline that fitted her for the high vocation she discharged, we have no record. She dwelt beneath a palm tree, designated by her own name, in Mount Ephraim, and hither the afflicted and despoiled people gathered as to a rallying point, for judgment and counsel. In the distant region of Kedesh Naphthali, a man called Barak, appears to have received commandment from Jehovah to attempt the deliverance of his countrymen from the tyrannic rule of Jabin; but deterred probably by the apparent hopelessness of such an undertaking, deprived as they were of every instrument of warfare, or still more probably, being deficient in the strong faith requisite for the enterprise, he hesitated to obey. Deborah requests his attendance at her council, and with prompt and rebuking questioning challenges his compliance with the divine behest: "Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, go and draw toward Mount Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Naphthali, and of the children of Zebulun, and I will draw unto thee, to the river Keshon, Sisera the captain of Jabin's army, with his chariots and his multitude; and I will deliver him into thy hand?" Her very interrogation implies reproof, and was as significant as if she had said, "Durst thou hesitate when God himself gives the order, minutely points out thy course, and positively promises thee success? Where is thy manliness, where thine ambition, to say nothing of thy faith?" Yet evident as must have been to Barak's perception the implied reprehension, it was bestowed with true feminine tact. There was no parade of superiority, no assumption of dictation, nothing that could offend his pride. Yet with a dogged stubbornness he evades her expostulation, and replies, "If thou wilt go with me, then I will go; but if thou wilt not go with me, then I will not go." With the unshrinking energy of an undoubting faith, and the quick resolve of a heroic spirit, she said, "I will surely go with thee; notwithstanding the journey that thou takest shall not be for thine honor; for the Lord shall sell Sisera into the hand of a woman;" and immediately, without hesitancy or delay, "she arose and went with Barak."

Let us consider the manner of her compliance more particularly. "I will surely go with thee. Imagine not, because I am a female, that I shall shrink from the dangers and the difficulties which you apprehend. Neither will I plead my arduous

duties as a reason for remaining at home, if my presence can infuse valor into others. But while I yield to your conditions, I must, in my character of prophetess, inform you, that since you perversely reject the honor intended you, it shall be transferred to a woman." Yet though such was the tenor of her words, no rebuke could have been more delicately insinuated. In her office of judge, without any undue extension of her prerogative, she might have reprimanded him indignantly. As a woman she could have made his pusillanimous assertion the occasion of cutting sarcasm. I apprehend but few of a sex actuated more frequently by impulse than reflection, and quick to scorn any evidence of cowardice in man, would have displayed similar forbearance. I notice this trait in the character of Deborah the more particularly, because its union with her gifts of mind and elevated position constitutes a very rare combination. The records of woman present numerous examples of heroism and self-sacrifice in the pursuit of great objects; but the considerate gentleness and delicate propriety, which seek to shun the expression of all that could inflict uneasiness, even when the retort is challenged as well as merited, are by no means common qualities, and the deportment of Deborah toward Barak is worthy of earnest emulation. Nor did her future course falsify her claim to "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit." After continuing throughout the ensuing conflict the counselor and encourager, as well as auxiliary of the Israelitish general, in the beautiful song which celebrates their victory she assigns to him his due share of commendation, without blending therewith one disparaging word, while to herself she modestly allots the minstrel's part. I have ventured, in concluding her history, to attempt a paraphrase of her song:

Israel's avenger, praise
The God of gods—the Lord—
I, even I, my voice will raise,
His goodness to record,
Who, when the people willing wrought,
A full and free deliverance brought.

Princes and kings, give ear,
While I his grace proclaim,
Who first announ'd his law from Seir,
Amidst its mount of flame,
While lightnings through the ether broke,
And earth and heav'n his presence spoke.

That law they dar'd defile—
New gods perversely chose—
And made themselves corrupt and vile—
I, Deborah, then arose,
A mother midst that rebel band,
To chide, to counsel, and command.

The villages were lone,
The highways all forlorn,
And by-paths hitherto unknown,
By timid feet were worn:
War was within the gates—yet spear,
Nor shield, to give defense, was here.

My heart is toward the men,
O, be they ever blest!
Who gave themselves an off'ring then,
To rescue the oppress'd:
We'll laud His name who sent the pow'r
To nerve them for the trying hour.

Ye who white asses ride,
Let not your tongues be still;
And we who by the well abide,
Our part will too fulfill;
No noise of archers now shall come
To strike our tuneful voices dumb.

Barak, arise, be strong—
The captors captive are:
Deborah, awake a joyous song,
Let it be heard afar—
The conflict's past, and won the field,
The Lord hath been both spear and shield.



Original.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF ITINERANCY.

You are doubtless aware, Mr. Editor, that many instructive and interesting incidents, worthy of preservation, are lost and forgotten. This is partly to be ascribed to the fact, that there is in most persons an inherent dislike to write or speak about themselves. To make one's self "the hero of a tale," is repulsive to every feeling of refined modesty. It is often thought that what interests ourselves is not likely to interest others equally; but in this we are sometimes mistaken. Presuming upon this view of the subject, I shall furnish your readers with a few reminiscences of my first experiment as a traveling preacher; and should I fail to interest in my narration, I shall be comforted at least with the reflection, that my effort is "with an intent to please."

On returning home from college, whither I had gone the better to prepare myself for the responsible work of the ministry, I was invited by an itinerant, who resided in my native town, but whose field of labor was considerably remote, to accompany him round his circuit. Believing, as I then did, that I was called of God for this work, and never having experimented in traveling a circuit, I regarded this as a favorable opportunity to gather some important information in relation to the peculiar duties of an itinerant. I had heard a great deal about "hard circuits," and harder fare, of rough roads, and blind paths, and I was anxious to be initiated into all the mysteries of this, to me, new and untried field of labor. I was also assured, by one who was opposed to my receiving license to preach, on the ground that my zeal was insufficient, "that a hard circuit would soon convince me that I was mistaken in the call, and the stern realities of an everyday itinerant life, would drive all the elevated notions I entertained of preaching out of my head." This circumstance rendered me

still more anxious to make a trial; and when the appointed day on which we were to start arrived, my excitement was intense. As I had no horse, and the roads were tolerably good, my companion concluded to take me in his gig; and having made the necessary preparations for a four weeks' tour, we proceeded down Main-street. As we nodded to our acquaintances in passing along, brother — recognized a quondam friend, whose appearance reminded him of a remark he made a few years before in relation to a Methodist preacher, whom he saw riding up Main-street. At that time my companion was the admired of all admirers, a preacher in another Church, though a stranger to grace. His sermons, graceless and Christless as they were, were nevertheless eloquent beyond comparison, and listening thousands hung upon his lips. The appearance of a Methodist preacher in a public street on horseback, was exceedingly offensive to him, and he was shocked at his unblushing effrontery in presuming to ride along the street. Strange as this may appear to some, it is nevertheless true; nor was it peculiar to himself alone: many ministers of Churches I could name, entertain the same contemptuous opinions still. I once heard a — minister say of a Methodist preacher, who had taught the people the doctrine of an unlimited atonement, that "he ought to be cowhided; and he felt as though he could do it himself."

To one who, like my companion, had been reared in a region where Methodism was unknown, and who was regularly trained for the ministry as a profession, the idea that any man could preach without a literary and theological education was preposterous. But a happy change had been wrought upon his heart; and when the heart is right, the head will be sensibly affected by the change. Now he regarded these things in a very different light, and instead of looking with contempt upon the Methodist preacher whose audacity in riding along Main-street so shocked his refined sensibilities, he had placed himself under his care, and was traveling a circuit in his district.

On crossing the bridge which spans as beautiful a river as can be found in the western country, the toll-keeper could not be prevailed upon to believe, from our appearance and mode of traveling, that we were Methodist preachers; so we paid our toll, and passed on our way. Scarcely had we entered the country ere the clouds, which had been gathering during the morning, settled in gloom above us, and the rain commenced with every prospect of continuance during the day. As we journeyed on, the country through which we passed became rough and broken, and the road, in consequence of the rain, muddy and heavy. On arriving at the foot of a hill which was ascended by a circuitous route, our horse being weary, my companion proposed,

as he was much heavier than myself, to take a shorter route on foot, by a path which left the road at this point, and intersected it again at the top. After driving about a mile, and supposing I had gained the summit, the road being level at this point, I halted, and waiting several minutes for brother —, I became somewhat alarmed at not finding him. I shouted his name, but the wild and dreary forest sent back no answer, save the roar of the trees, which, agitated by the wind, resembled the swell of the distant sea. Having passed the place where the path entered into the road, I fastened the horse by the wayside, and went back in pursuit of him. Following the road a short distance, I entered the wood, and while wandering about, my mind became filled with mysterious thoughts. A thousand associations crowded upon me; and, unused as I was to traveling in the woods, I was possessed of many dark imaginings in regard to the fate of my companion. Weary with searching, I returned to the gig, resumed my seat, and drove on. After proceeding some distance, I found the lost, sitting on a log by the wayside, waiting my arrival, and meditating a pursuit, fearing I had missed my way. Having exchanged congratulations with each other on finding ourselves, we proceeded on our journey. A creek lay across our road, which we feared, from the heavy rain, had become swollen, and would be difficult to cross; but hoping for the better, and cheered by my companion, who remarked that "we were now passing through the shadows of itinerancy," we urged on our way, occasionally walking up the hills to relieve the horse. On reaching the creek, our fears came upon us. We found it beyond its banks, and rushing its wild, tumultuous waters over the surrounding vale. We took our Bibles, left the gig, and, as the only alternative, concluded to wait patiently until the waters should subside. It being noon, and my companion feeling perhaps somewhat pressed with hunger, remarked that it was his "fast day," and, making a virtue of necessity, I chose to fast with him.

I am here reminded of an incident which occurred a year afterward, on my first circuit, the relation of which I hope will not be regarded as an unpardonable digression. One of our appointments, known by the name of Sulphur Lick, not far from the Copperas mountain, as it was termed, was generally dreaded by the preachers, not so much on the account of its being difficult of access, nor because there was not an abundance for man and horse, but simply from the fact that our kind hostess was not so well skilled in culinary science as she should have been. I am not very fastidious, and yet I know that it was with considerable difficulty that I could command an appetite for my dinner. While sitting at the table one day, the good sister asked me if I knew brother T., who

traveled the circuit the previous year. "O, yes," I replied; "he is my special friend." "O, but he is a lovely man," said the sister; "and then he is so pious and heavenly-minded: he always *fasted* when he came here." "Yes," said I, "he is a very pious man;" but at the same time, while I made the remark in all sincerity, I could not for the life of me suppress the thought, that he had obtained a character for piety in this good family which would not bear the test of a very rigid examination, as far as *fasting* was concerned.

To return to my narrative. After waiting some time, brother — discovered the top of the bank on the other shore, and said, "Shall we try to cross?" "Most certainly," said I, for by this time my patience was nearly exhausted. Had he been an experienced backwoodsman, he would not have heeded my advice. Though considerably my senior in years, he had spent the most of his time within the walls of a college, and knew more about Greek roots and mathematical problems than he did about creeks and roads. Screwing up his courage to the sticking point, we entered the creek. The rapid current striking the horse, he was borne down the stream, and soon getting beyond his depth, horse and gig were completely submerged; but being a noble-spirited animal, and conscious, perhaps, of the great value of his charge, by several successful plunges, he reached the opposite shore some distance below the landing. The bank, at this point, being very steep, it was impossible for him to ascend, and it was with difficulty that he could keep his head above the roaring tide. The abruptness of the shore, and the rapidity of the current precluded all hopes of getting out of the sad dilemma in which we were placed, and it was obvious that, unless soon relieved, our horse must drown. I felt alarmed, also, for the safety of my companion, who could not swim, and who made the woods resound with loud cries for help. I advised him to seize the branches of a tree which extended over the stream, and climb out on "*terra firma*," while I would endeavor to command the forlorn hope. This done, I immediately turned the horse for the other shore, and by dint of a most extraordinary effort he succeeded in gaining it; but in attempting to spring upon its steep bank, he fell and was buried in the stream. There was now no time to be lost, and to save the life of the noble animal, I plunged in to assist him. With considerable difficulty I succeeded in unloosing the traces; and free from his encumbrance, he leaped upon the bank. Procuring assistance, we succeeded in getting the gig out; and the waters having subsided, we hitched up and passed over in safety. To the misfortune of getting ourselves and books thoroughly wet, and our clothes torn, brother — lost his pocket-book and all the money he had with him.

While passing through this interesting shadow of itinerancy, my mind was occupied with reflections on the remark of my colleague; and I thought if this be but the shadow of itinerant toil, what must be the *substance*. Wearied with fatigue, we proceeded on our journey, thanking God and taking courage. Night overtaking us, we stopped at a cabin, and after receiving its hospitalities from pious hands, we laid us down and slept soundly and sweetly until morning.

The night of clouds and storms had passed, and was succeeded by a bright and beautiful morning. All nature appeared blithesome and glad. As we drew near the place of meeting, which we reached about ten o'clock, the wayside and woods were filled with horses and people. The fame of my colleague, as a pulpit orator, had spread far and wide, and we found persons who had come the distance of twenty miles to the meeting. Now, thought I, as we passed through the crowd to a large barn, where the meeting was to be held, we shall have a glimpse of some of the "*lights of itinerancy*." The opening sermon was delivered by brother M., the preacher in charge, who, although not by any means eloquent, was a good, sound, practical divine, and very much devoted to his work. Preaching, exhortation, praying, and singing occupied the remainder of the day and evening. Morning came, and a love feast was held, during which I never heard better speaking, and the relation of several experiences was to me intensely thrilling. I felt amply compensated for all the toils and privations I had endured, and felt that truly the shadows had passed away as mists from the mountain, and the light and glory of the better land were around me. At eleven o'clock, my colleague preached from 1 John ii, 1, to an immense concourse of people. His subject was, Christ our advocate in the supreme court of heaven. In defining the word advocate, he remarked that it was a forensic term, of classic origin—drew the distinction between an advocate and counselor. In the next place, he showed the necessity there was that the sinner should have an advocate, from the fact that he had joined issue with God, and explained the nature of an issue of *law*, and the difference between an issue of law and an issue of *fact*. And finally, he exhibited the sufficiency of Christ as our advocate, his great skill and ability, together with his successful pleas, never having lost a case, however difficult or desperate. On our return home, I took the liberty to remark, that I thought there were some things in his sermon exceptionable. "You don't say," he replied with great surprise; "and what were those things?" "What," replied I, "did your hearers know about 'forensic terms,' and 'classical derivations,' of 'issues of law,' and 'issues of fact?'" "O," said he, "the people in

the country understand all about these phrases—they are perfectly familiar with them." Well, thought I, I prefer taking, for my first circuit, one in which there is not quite so much intelligence among all classes. I am inclined to think, however, upon more mature reflection, that he knew as little about the people in the country as he did about crossing high waters. He is still in the itinerancy, and stands confessed one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Since that period I have passed through many lights and shades in my itinerant career; and I would advise every young man who contemplates entering the traveling connection, to make the experiment of one "round," under the direction of some experienced itinerant.

W. P. S.



Original.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION.

EDUCATION is not to be considered the acquisition of *this or that* branch of study merely, or of *many* branches: it is far more than this—it is the harmonious development of mental and moral power—it is the awakening and strengthening of the moral capabilities of the mind and heart. And that system does not deserve the name of education, no matter what separate acquirements are made, which, while it loads the memory, omits to bring forth and cultivate those higher powers of reason and conscience, which can alone teach the true use of any mental acquisition.

The faculties of the mind receive their highest and most enduring impulses and motives through the medium of our moral powers. Unless they receive this, their proper stimulus, our intellectual powers will never exert all their force, nor exercise their healthful and legitimate influence. It is all important, then, if we would fully develop mental capacity, that the *spiritual* part of the nature of man should have the *ascendency*. It is this which connects us with the infinite and the permanent, and renders us able to feel the beautiful affinity of truth to the soul.

How can the spiritual be grafted on *materialized* faculties and affections? The education of a *living soul*, whether man or woman, should be conducted, not by the accidental and short-lived associations and maxims of a temporary interest, and a convenient policy, but by those established principles of thought and action which have relation to the nature of man, and the laws of God's moral government, which can never lose their importance.

These principles are the basis of true and enduring greatness. Mere intellectual acquirement *cannot attain unto it*. It wants the conservative principle, without which its memorials must perish.

Original.

THE SEQUEL.*

BY REV. A. M. LORRAINE.

THE news of Perry's victory set every thing in motion again. The army was marched down to Sandusky bay, and thence transported by boats to Put-in bay, a beautiful harbor formed on the bosom of the lake by the position of some islands. In this bay lay the American squadron, with its captured fleet, entirely land-locked. It was distressing, in the dark watches of the night, to hear the agonizing groans of the wounded and dying on board the hospital ship, who had suffered in the late conflict. On these islands we rested a few days. While here, another deserter was brought in. He was condemned. The usual solemn preliminaries were attended to—the word given; but there was no Harrison on the field to wave the signal of mercy, and the poor criminal fell. At last the important day came, which was to land us on the shores of our enemies. The army embarked in the fleet and a great multitude of boats which had been gathered together. The General, with the Petersburg Virginia volunteers, sailed on board the Ariel, with Commodore Perry. The morning was beautiful beyond description. The sun shone with refulgent splendor on our polished arms. The martial waving of the snow-white plumes of the officers, the various uniform of regulars and volunteers, the solemn silence, interrupted only by the regular movement of springing oars, altogether formed a scene awfully grand. But the scene became still more imposing, when, arriving within a few rods of the shore, every soldier expecting to breast the fury of an ambushed foe, all at once the flapping banner of our host was unfurled to the whistling wind, the concentrated music of the whole army bursted, in a national air, on the ears of a feeling soldiery, and the whole atmosphere around us was filled with the shouts of freemen. It was terrible, even to ourselves, although our bosoms swelled high with the expectation of victory, and every heart throbbed with national pride at the sublimity of the scene. In one moment the extended line of boats struck the shore, and in the next the whole embattled host stood on the bank. We took up our line of march for Malden. But we soon learned that the fort had been fired, and that the English had retreated. All had fled but the brave Tecumseh. The citizens told us that he sat on his faithful charger, at the head of the street, and looked until he saw the van of our army entering the suburbs below. He then turned his horse with a sigh, and as the Americans en-

tered one end of the town, he slowly rode out of the other. He had exhausted all his eloquence in trying to persuade the British general to leave him and his braves in possession of the fort. Those who had an opportunity of knowing him, said he was as much superior to Proctor in humanity as he was in courage. To finish his history at once, we will add, that he fell in the battle that followed, in the midst of his people, that were stationed in the swamp, and, as they say, pierced with many balls; and was buried four miles in the rear. There we suspect he remains to the present day. And the razor-strops, and other precious relics, that will be handed down to future generations, as samples of his hide, are all, as the old chief himself would express it, "*ec-shaw*." And we believe if his resurrection should take place to-morrow, it would interrupt nobody's shaving utensils in Kentucky or elsewhere.

As soon as possible, we went in pursuit of the enemy. It was my fortune to go by way of the lake. We soon found that we had not yet passed through all the shades of military starvation. Before we crossed the lake, we had our rations issued for several days, and were ordered to jerk our beef, to the end that it might be better preserved, and made more convenient to carry. And it was, indeed, made much more convenient to carry, because, by that process, it became so depreciated in size and weight, that it did not last more than half the time contemplated. And now we had to embark destitute of sea stores. It is true, we had the privilege, three times in each day, of ranging our noses around the caboose, while the jolly tars served up their allowance in almost all the variety of culinary science. This was the more aggravating to me, as among their dishes I recognized many an old acquaintance, which I had not tasted since I last entered Cape Henry. There was the "duff," the "chowder," the smoking "lobschouse," and that, too, served up in the very *fac simile* of my old smoked tin-pot, out of which I had quaffed many a gallon of tea, and other good things, in by-gone days. Meantime, the sailors looked carelessly among us, as if they thought gentlemen of the army lived upon the wind. I had a great mind to reveal myself to them, and fall upon their sympathies; but as I had taken it upon myself to sustain the character of a soldier, for the time being, I concluded to endure hardness as a good soldier. We went on board hungry, we were hungry through the whole cruise, and were at last landed at the mouth of the Thames as ravenous as wolves. For several miles we marched through a mixed population of French and Yankees, and gathered up enough scraps to keep soul and body together. At last we encamped in a beautiful neighborhood that was settled by Scotchmen, who were more loyal than the

* Concluded from page 110.

Englishmen. They would neither give nor sell to His Majesty's enemies. They acknowledged that we had ample power to take; that was one thing; but to collude with the enemy was another. It was against general orders to plunder, and our battalion had strictly obeyed. But now we had come to our wit's end. At last our commander said, "Boys, you see your case: we can get nothing from these farms for love or money: there is no alternative but to help yourselves." One of every mess took his tomahawk, and walking about the fields, brought in an abundance of pigs, turkeys, geese, &c., and there was great feasting in the camp.

At last our van came up with the enemy. It is unnecessary to give a particular account of the battle, as it has been so often described. Indeed, there is but little to be said about it. The Kentucky mounted men rushed down upon their lines like a hurricane, and swept all before them. It was a momentary conflict. The whole army surrendered. The Indians on the flank prolonged the fight for awhile, but soon fled. Our battalion, which constituted the rear-guard, could not get up in time to stop a ball; and I for one was right glad of it; for our time of service was now expired, and the word "home, sweet home," seemed to gather additional charms every day. We returned to Detroit by the lake. The weather was unusually squally. The vessel that I was in carried an enormous gun amidships. It was lashed fore and aft. The militia becoming very sea-sick, crowded down the main hatchway into the hold. We were suddenly struck by a squall, when the Long Tom breaking the lashing at the muzzle, slued down to leeward, and the schooner was struck down on her beam-end. The water gushed into the hatchway—the soldiers gushed out by platoons. Those who were on deck held on for their lives, and every soul expected in a few minutes to be in eternity. A sailor who was down in the scuppers, had the presence of mind to let fly the fore-sheet, when she partially righted, and the gun was secured, and the sail shortened. It was, however, a very narrow escape. Though alarmed, I recollect, in the midst of the danger, a mortification—a kind of cheapness seemed to creep over me at the thought, that after I had traversed over so many mountain swells, and had escaped so many dangers, on the wide Atlantic, I was about to be cast away in a mill-pond, comparatively. We safely arrived at Detroit, where, shortly after, we were discharged on the public parade, the General pronouncing over us a high encomium, and declaring that we had set an example of military subordination to the whole army.

After our discharge, we were landed in Cleveland, and left at perfect liberty to follow our own course. The citizens of Cleveland and the vicinity showed us no little kindness the few days we rested

among them. We diverted ourselves much with one little circumstance; and that was, the citizens, from the lordly dome to the log cabin, were mostly either generals, or colonels, or majors, or captains, or—squires, any how. We could scarce find a man without some kind of handle to his name. Here I stood on the shore of the lake, high and dry, and said in my heart, "One woe is passed! I shall no more travel that ugly, muddy road, from Chillicothe to Columbus! I shall no more flounder over the snow-drifted plains of Crawford! I shall no more shiver on the bleak banks of the Sandusky! I will hie me home to my own sunny Appomattox, and perhaps live and die on its verdant banks." But there is a book, a blessed but mystic book, which says, "*It is not in man to direct his steps.*" Little did I then think that, in less than twelve years, it would be my allotted duty to stand in the city of Columbus, and preach to listening congregations the Gospel of the Son of God. Little did I think that, in a few years more, the house, the very house in Delaware that sheltered the benumbed and weather-beaten soldier, should be his parsonage, while he should travel over the length and breadth of the plains of Crawford, not an unpeopled solitude, but beautifully spotted with farms and dwellings—in summer a boundless prospect of undulating grass, and fragrant flowers of almost every form and shade—in winter a sea of crusted snow, over which the sailor might glide at large in his bounding jumper, and, in his high-wrought imagination, live over his Atlantic rambles. Little did I think that there, even there, I should mingle with the congregated saints, hear the shout of heaven-born souls, and, least of all, that I—even the sinner, I—should rejoice in the sound with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. But all this came to pass. While laboring in that section of our work, I was strongly solicited by Russel Bigelow, the superintendent of the mission, to visit the "Reserve." I did so on a quarterly meeting occasion. While preaching to the Indians, through an Indian interpreter, I mentioned that I had once earnestly sought them before, with my body clothed in hostile armor, and murder in my heart; but that, in examining my soul, I found that God had gotten to himself a greater victory there; for now the weapons of my warfare were no longer carnal, and the theme that I most delighted in was peace on earth, good will toward men. To give them a clearer understanding of my position in the last war, I told them that I belonged to that company which the Indians used to call, "*The men with the silver birds in their caps.*" As I mentioned this, significant glances were thrown round the assembly, and my interpreter faltered as he gave it out. As soon as the service was over, he declared that he was with the hostile Indians that defended the British battery

against the sally from Fort Meigs, and that he fought against that very company. He said the Indians were particularly anxious to kill our men; for they thought that the silver-leaf spread eagles on our helmets were made of the solid stuff. Brother Bigelow took advantage of this circumstance while administering the sacrament next morning. He laid one hand on my head, and the other on the interpreter, and said, "Brethren, these two, during the last war, were arrayed in hateful strife against each other; but behold the victories of the cross! they are now knee'ing, in Christian fellowship and communion, at this table, to show forth the death of their common Lord and Savior." The effect on the white part of the congregation was powerful; but as the interpreter gave it in excited and broken accents to the nation, it was overwhelming.

Our company being broke up at Cleveland, we scattered in little social bands, in different routes, to seek our homes. I traveled in company with three of my most intimate friends. Our reception, or treatment, on the way, was various, according to the religious and political views of the people. One of our company became lame at the commencement of the journey, which retarded us considerably. In this dilemma we saw a very starch-looking Quaker overtaking us with a led horse. At this sight our comrade's limping evidently increased, and his pain became almost insupportable. We each made a very low and handsome bow to the stranger as he approached; but no response did we receive. We, however, surrounded him, and with the most moving eloquence that we could command, began to intercede for our lame friend. He very roughly refused us, declaring that he had nothing to do with war or any who were concerned in it. This exasperated our invalid, and he began to be abusive. I told him this was wrong. Perhaps the Quaker was conscientious in this matter. No doubt he thought he would be doing the devil service by giving him a seat in the vacant saddle. This was like throwing oil on the flame. "Conscientious, indeed! What, too conscientious to give a lift to a poor lame soldier, who has been fighting the battles of his country?" "Yes, it is even so, and you may just as well coil down, and take the world as it is, and not as it ought to be." O, give us for ever that religion

"Which hates the sin, but still the sinner loves"—

which hates war, but is ever ready to mitigate the evils and heal the wounds which war has made!

We sometimes met with those who were politically opposed to the war. They also answered us roughly. At other times we had to do with real patriots—true blues. Among these were women, not a few, who, with moistened eyes, blessed us, as we passed, in the name of the Lord. When we

were well advanced in our journey, we fell in with a company of loafers, a kind of people who, as soon as they see any person, or new thing, begin to cast about in their minds what they can make of it. They chose to look upon us as deserters, and set about to arrest us. We labored, with many arguments, to prove that we were true men; but all to no purpose. When we found that they were meditating to carry us to Washington, we concluded, on consultation, that such a ride at their expense, would advance us considerably toward home; and it was more than probable that when Uncle Sam recognized us as his old fast friends, he would lift us still farther by way of indemnity. So we concluded to be deserters, if they would have it so. But when they found that we had become so well reconciled to a jaunt, they began to conclude we were Virginians, and possibly Virginia volunteers. We now walked rapidly, sometimes as many as forty-five miles in a day. Our money, also, went rapidly, and our purse began to wrinkle with age. On the evening of a beautiful day, we were entering the romantic town of Winchester. A gentleman rode hastily by, making a profound bow. He quickly turned his horse, and inquired if we were of the Virginia volunteers. Being answered in the affirmative, he put whip and spurs to his horse, and was soon hid from our view by the houses in the suburbs. At the head of the main street, we were met by several young men, who conducted us to the hotel, and ordered a splendid supper. Their number continually increased; and we found that they were members of a volunteer company that had served a tour on the seaboard, and were therefore tenderly alive to our sufferings. We sat up to a late hour, indulging in a social interchange of our adventures. One of their company was truly a singular genius. He was famous for his extemporaneous effusions in the way of song. The company requested us to propose some topic of national interest. This we did twice or thrice, but he sung them off in such a masterly manner, that we could not help surmising that he had previously exercised his pen on almost every subject of public notoriety. The company then proposed that we would relate some incident that had transpired in the western army, which was not generally known, provided it was sufficiently stirring to elicit his zeal. This we did. And after clearing his throat, and attending to all the preliminaries that good singers always observe by note, he caroled forth a beautiful versification of the whole matter. When the company broke they paid off the bill, including, in the settlement, a warm and early breakfast for the poor soldiers. Such a windfall as this would have been considered only as a circumstance in our jolly *debouch* into the military life; but coming to disbanded soldiers,

displumed of all martial attractions, it was truly grateful. The day before we entered Fredericksburg we had spent our all. And although it was a lovely day over head, yet our hearts were sad, as we deliberated on our situation. We were far from home. We had not time to dig, and to beg we were ashamed. When we entered into the town, we naturally stepped into the first tavern, as stage-horses would stop at a post-office. We had hardly seated ourselves, when a school-mate of mine entered. He immediately recognized me; and, after a few friendly remarks, requested me to step out with him. He took me into a retired part of the yard, and looking round, as if to see whether any fowls of the air were hovering about, and as if he meditated some grand outrage on fallen human nature, he asked me, in a subdued tone, how I was off for funds. I plainly and honestly replied that the "last shot in the locker" was expended. A flush of humanity suffused his benevolent brow, and he put his hand in his pocket. I knew that his family was of Virginia's noblest stock. And from all that I had seen in our school-boy days, I believed that he had inherited all the nobility of his house. Therefore, I could not accuse my eyes of presumption, when I felt that they were anticipating the circumstance of a full "*shiner*"—a *Dei Gratia*—a *Spanish dollar*, for which I would have been truly thankful. But the reader may guess how my soul was flooded with joy and gratitude, when he presented me with a twenty dollar note, and a handsome apology, that he was on a journey and knew not how long he would be gone, otherwise he would give me more. He then fled from my overflowing soul and eyes, as if he had perpetrated willful murder. I know not whether he is still living; but, *dead or alive*, I still pray for him, as the old negro said, "at a venture." I may be in the same fix that the pious sister P., of Xenia, once was. When we moved to this state, more than twenty years ago, she inquired about an old Methodist preacher, whom she had highly esteemed. We told her he had been dead about six years. "Dear, dear me!" said the old lady, "why did they not send me word? I have been praying for him faithfully, night and day, six years, and he all the time safely landed in heaven!" I went into the tavern and gave my comrades a pluck; but they seemed to be fast moored. Poor fellows, they still had a faint hope that some liberal loafer would offer them a drink, or luncheon, or something of the kind. But at last they weighed anchor, though I could hardly tow them along. Every step they took seemed to indicate that they looked for nothing but ruin and starvation beyond the corporation of Fredericksburg. But when we had got beyond the public gaze, I said, "Cheer up boys, Providence has sent me a breeze. I am now able to take the stage and

reel it off at the rate of eight knots an hour, homeward bound; but for your sakes I forbear. If you will be economical, leave off this tavern fare, and let me be your purser, I will take you all home." I then stepped into a grocery, and stored our knapsacks well with cheese and crackers, and we moved on with fresh life.

At last we arrived at Richmond. Here, at the commencement of our career, every door was open to us. But now the returning soldier passed along unheeded, unrecognized. At last a poor man—I believe a pious man—invited us to his home, to take *pot luck*. And this he did not through ostentation or vainglory, but sheer benevolence. We found that girding on the armor was one thing, and taking it off was another; and we were well convinced that a young man, of fruitful imagination, might reap all the honor and glory of war in the domestic muster-field, without suffering any of its evils. Here our little platoon scattered again. I had twenty-five miles to go to reach home. This distance was measured leisurely, soberly, thoughtfully, with an intention to make my return after nightfall. In all my returns home, by land or water, I loved to come in under the cover of night. About dusk I crossed the Appomattox, on Pocahontas bridge—trod lightly over Sandy beach—entered Bolingbrook-street. It was now dark. I was closely scrutinized by every passenger; but had drawn my helmet down. I cannot describe my feelings as the familiar scenes of my bright boyhood came up in quick succession. At last I stood, with almost breathless agitation, at my home's door. A few faint raps—raised the latch, and stood in the presence of my mother. She lifted her eyes, gave one shrill scream, and exclaimed, "O Alfred! Alfred! my son Alfred!" A pious lady, who lived in the next tenement, and whose soul was, religiously speaking, on the hair-spring order, and who, moreover, always levied a contribution of honey, more or less, on the most poisonous bitters of life, as they passed, heard the exclamation. It reminded her of David, "weeping as he went, and saying, O Absalom, Absalom, my son Absalom!" This sprung a class of reflections that instantaneously exploded in a shout. My little sisters, and neighbors, and acquaintances crowded round. And here my pen would paint a domestic scene; but perhaps my fair readers might drop a tear or two, inflame their eyes, and put their lips out of "prim;" and this might anger you, and ye might say, as a certain lady, who takes more liberties with me than any other, sometimes says, "Pshaw! Mr. L., you certainly are the *childishest* man that ever was."



EVERY word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him.

Original.

BURY ME IN SILENCE.

THERE are events connected with the history of every one, which recur frequently to the mind with peculiar interest. Certain periods are engraved indelibly upon the memory, periods around which seems to hang a sacredness that forbids they should ever be forgotten. As such a period do I remember the cold, clear night of the last of February, 18—. All round was hushed, save the winter's wind. The heavens appeared in more than their ordinary sublimity. Arcturus, Orion, and the seven sportive sisters, shone brightly in their respective places. Never before had that remarkable passage of Job appeared to me in more than half its beauty: "Who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and maketh Arcturus, Orion, and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south." My soul was filled with awe, when thus contemplating the works of the Almighty, yet a sweetness stole upon my spirit, as I reflected that my destiny was in the hands of that uncreated Intelligence who had thus arranged the heavenly orbs in their places.

But such pleasing emotions cannot long continue to fill the bosom of a mortal. Death, envious of the joys of life, each day seizes, with an iron grasp, many of the tenants of this fleeting world. Every hour his victims are buried, and the mortal remains of him who but yesterday was joyous with life, now nourisheth the vegetable which gives support to our earthly frame. Neither will he permit a single moment to pass without making some happy wife a widow, and some affectionate child an orphan, nor even allow the dead to rest.

"Where is the dust that has not been alive?

The spade, the plough disturb our ancestors."

How frequently are our happiest moments marred by death's cruel ravages, and our most holy and delightful meditations suddenly disturbed by those solemn strokes which summon us to the grave! Could I then be permitted long to enjoy those pleasing, nay heavenly feelings, arising from viewing God in his works? It was forbidden. Suddenly was my joy dispelled, by a friend directing my attention to the following notice:

"Buried with military honors, in this village, on the 22d inst., Gen. ———, who died with inflammation of the lungs, in the seventy-third year of his age."

How unexpectedly was I called from an imaginary flight among distant orbs to contemplate a pompous scene on earth. The deceased was a beloved relative, and to be deprived of one with whom we have long associated—one who, in every difficult and trying circumstance, we found prompt and willing to aid—one who always manifested the deepest interest in our welfare—one who betrayed not his trust when others abandoned us, demands a

solace. But can this comfort be found in the vain exhibitions of a military parade? Shall tears cease to flow because the world proclaimed, "*He lived a general, and died a man?*" The knowledge that an unthinking and careless soldiery had stood and fired at his grave, that the mournful music of the muffled drum pronounced the departure of another warrior, affords but little consolation. True, such manifestations of respect might afford a *delusive* solace for him whose vision time bounds; but they yield for the wounded spirit of the bereaved Christian, whose eye of faith penetrates futurity, no soothing balms. No, the Christian derives comfort from an assurance that the departed one would be crowned with a wreath of glory by the hand of his Redeemer. The Christian asks not for the roar of the cannon, or for the doleful notes of the church bell, or for the sighs of friends: rather is the language of his soul, "*Bury me in silence.*" How delightful would it be, methinks, to a departed spirit, to be ushered into the presence of his Redeemer, when naught was heard but the chanting of angels and the halleluiahs of the ransomed!

Christian reader, do you desire to be disturbed in your last moments by the mournful expressions of those who may fill your sick-room? Would the consciousness that you had left friends to mourn, who would sorrow "even as others which have no hope," enhance your happiness in that trying hour? Ah! do I not hear you answer, "May I die tranquil, *and be buried in silence!*" Have you beheld the Christian father, bending over the beloved son, smile when his soul left for heaven, and in perfect stillness consign his remains to the cold grave? Have you seen an expression of joy play upon the countenance of an affectionate wife, as she heard the clods fall upon the coffin of her companion, whose spirit had gone to meet its Savior? Have you witnessed members of a family much attached to each other, place in a gloomy sepulchre, without a tear, the remains of one of their number? If you have, you hope to be buried in silence, without the sighs of a crowd, weeping, as they linger around your bier—without the solemn peals of the funeral bell. What a glorious hope! a hope founded on holiness. Could an ungodly man thus fondly dream? Never; for where is the true Christian who could follow the corpse of him who had lived and died in rebellion against his God, and refrain from tears? Where? It is for you, Christian, to hope that, on account of your holy and godly life, you may die in peace, and *be buried in silence.* S.



A SERIOUS look, well timed, will often check the obstreperous mirth of the fool, or disconcert those who slander with a smile, and cover cruelty with the warmest expressions of concern.

Original.

THE DEATH OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY REV. E. D. ROE.

THE sun shone bright on Egypt. The beautiful child went forth to its play among the vines and the melons. The young men and maidens took the timbrel and the harp. The man of business went to his accustomed labors, and each thought, "To-morrow shall be as this day." The sweet voice of the child fell upon the ear as music—its sunny smiles, and its innocent prattle were seen and heard by the watchful eye and listening ear of the mother, who, while she watched and listened, felt what alone a mother may feel of joy and hope.

But the day closes, and the child has dropped from its little hand the flowers it had gathered, and sweetly sleeps upon its mother's bosom: the gay revelers, wearied with pleasure's labor, seek repose: the man of business finds in sleep a respite from his toils, and dreams of mammon.

In the Egyptians' dwellings all is dark and profound repose—in Israel's tents all is light and animation. Hark! what means that "great cry throughout all the land of Egypt, such as there was none like it, nor shall be like it any more?" "The Lord hath smitten all the first-born in the land of Egypt, from the first-born of Pharaoh, that sat on his throne, unto the first-born of the captive that was in the dungeon." How wide-spread the ruin! "There was not a house where was not one dead!" Morning came, and where now that child? What! yet asleep? Awake, thou innocent one, and go forth to thy pastime. It shall never more awake; and the smile which yet lingers upon its cheek is the last that shall linger there. The reveler joins not in the loud wailing—he has not left his couch—he sleeps yet. Ye need not tread so light, nor fear to break his slumbers. The trump of God alone shall wake him. The man of many plans, that busy man, why goes he not forth to their accomplishment? The feet of them which bury the first-born are at his door, and shall carry him out. O, how many ties are riven, how many plans frustrated, how many hearts are anguished! Here the mother weeps for her child, and will not be comforted, because it is not. There the father gazes upon his first-born, smitten down in the prime of manhood; and while his strong frame quivers with agony, and manhood's tears fall from eyes unused to weeping, cries, "O, my son, my son, would to God I had died for thee, my son, my son!" But who can paint the harrowing scene of suffering and of death?

Let us turn from Egypt, and contemplate what is passing around us. We behold not death pressing onward as there from house to house. We hear

not the voice of lamentation, but the voice of them that sing do we hear in our dwellings. We see the sparkling eye, the blooming cheek, the active step, and the whole joyous and busy throng instinct with life. Seek we amid this animated crowd the dead? Shall we not rather go to yonder silent spot, where grass-grown graves abound, to find them? We go not thither: we pause amidst this group of life: we stop before this dwelling, whence are issuing sounds of revelry, peals of laughter, and songs of passion, and say, "Thy walls inclose the dead;" *for those who live in pleasure are dead while they live.* And O how fearful the death! it is spiritual.

As natural death exhibits man to us in possession of all the organs of the natural body, with a perfect cessation of their functions, so spiritual death presents us with the sad spectacle of man having within his reach all the elements of spiritual life, yet destitute of the vivifying principle, and incapable of action. Mark the dead. Speak, father, to thy son, and bid him rise. He was wont to obey thy every summons. Friend, draw nigh thy friend, and take the hand which oft has pressed thine. Will answering pressure tell of friendship still? Does it beam in the eye? Does it glow upon the cheek? Ah! he sees thee, hears thee, knows thee not—the son, the friend is dead. And is it not thus with those who are dead in trespasses and sins?

Natural death does not annihilate—it only separates. So those who live in pleasure are dead while they live, being separated from God, the source of spiritual life. As the dead one is unconscious of the presence of another, so the dead to God is unconscious of his presence, and, committing sin, saith, "How doth God know?" As the voice of the parent falls unheeded upon the dead child's ear, so falls the voice of God upon the sinner's; and as affection's look, or word, or act awakens in the one no corresponding sensations, so the love, the word, the works of God excite none in the heart of the other; and as is the voice of love disregarded, so is the language of anger. Stand beside the dead. Let loud thunders roll, let lightnings blaze, and earth's strong pillars bend: amid it all, how calm his rest! And so "God" hath spoken "once, yea twice, yet man perceiveth it not." Calvary speaks of love unmerited, infinite, divine. From this the sinner turns unimpressed by a scene which, louder than words, tells that *God is love*. Sinai is wrapped in clouds of flame and tempest, and issuing thence a voice of fearful import to the sinner: "Dead in trespasses and in sins." Its thunders and its lightnings, its tempests and its threats are unheard or unheeded. "Give me a place where I may bury my dead" is reiterated on every side; for if we bury them not, they would shock us by their deformity, and pollute us by their contact. And so the dead in sin exhibit deformity shocking to those

who are alive to God, and polluting to those who are subject to their influence. Sad as is this condition, it is only precursive of one infinitely more deplorable. These dead shall be buried, but no flowers shall bloom around their grave—no friends shall shed affection's tears upon the place of sepulchre. These dead shall be buried, but no resurrection power shall be put forth to raise them from the second death. May we not say, looking around to our habitations, "There is not a house in which there is not *one* dead!" Mother, is it yourself, or is it that fair daughter? Father, is it thyself, or that first-born son? Or it may be that *all* the inmates are dead. O, weep not for Egypt—mourn not for the first-born! Let your sympathies be awakened, and your tears fall for the dead around you.



Original.

MRS. DUBOIS.

—
BY BISHOP HAMLINE.
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It is said that "God is in history." But much more is he in those narratives which delineate Christian character in the peace of its inward and and in the purity of its outward being. Then let us for a few minutes seek God—his grace and his image, by tracing the features of one whom Christ had wrought into a fair resemblance of himself, and has now reclaimed to his presence and his glory.

Mrs. EUNICE DUBOIS came with her parents from the state of New York to this city in 1818, she being then eleven years of age. She was religiously trained, and had a serious regard for her soul from her childhood. In 1825 she became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in August of that year experienced religion. She lived a devout and consistent disciple until 1834, when she was happily married to Mr. John Dubois, of this city, with whom she walked in all the commandments of God until her decease, which occurred the 30th day of last November. In connection with her Christian life, the following particulars are worthy of special notice.

First. She was remarkable for *Christian decision*. At her conversion she resolved to renounce the world. She did renounce it fully and for ever. "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," she received as a command, and she obeyed it. Nor did she keep this baptismal vow grudgingly, or with a constrained will, but cheerfully and with gladness of heart. Setting her face as a flint, and eschewing the world, she clave with all her might unto the Lord. Can one who knew her, recollect, through her twenty years' pilgrimage, an instance of unwarranted regard for any earthly interest or good? Probably not. It was true of her, "Ye are not of

the world, even as I am not of the world." Her life would endure the application of that test, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

Second. Decided as she was, Mrs. Dubois was an example of *meekness in temper and deportment*. Decision did not war with gentleness in her heart or in her life. In all things not involving conscience or Christian obligation, she was pliant to the wishes of those around her. And in declining whatever she deemed sinful or inexpedient, her manner was mild and unobtrusive, not overbearing or dogmatic. Her meekness secured her many friends, and she scarcely had an enemy.

Third. She was *devout*. Her religion was not mere morality, though it produced that fruit. She walked with God. She lived in daily communion with him. Prayer and praise became so much the habit of her soul, that she scarcely knew for years any different moral state. To "pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks," was to her like breathing. God was in all her thoughts. His name, his attributes, his works of grace, and his providential dispensations were themes of her almost unceasing meditation. And they employed her lips as well as her thoughts. She loved the Lord's house. She was punctual at prayer and class meetings. She studied the word of God, and read diligently our best books, as Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Rogers, Carvosso, &c. For present comfort, as well as for advancement in holiness, she used all the instituted and prudential means of grace within her power.

Fourth. She was *consistent*. She carried religion into all departments, employments, and associations. It was not a Sunday dress, to be worn now and then. She gave up the whole world, and not merely some particulars or portions of it. She sacrificed not only the cheap but the costly. Her companions, pleasures, apparel, and "outward adorning," were modified as her quick and truthful conscience apprehended Christ and his apostles required. She was not a Christian in disguise, saying to Christ, "I will not betray thee," and then, by her mode of life, proclaiming, "I know not the man." She wore no mask to disfigure or conceal the features of the new life which Christ had inspired in her. She was humble, not only in her heart, but in the outward manifestations of that state of her affections, so that all could testify "she has been with Jesus."

Fifth. She was a *growing* Christian. How could she be otherwise? Her manner of life assured to her advancement. By reading, meditation, and prayer for the Holy Spirit, she increased in the knowledge and love of God; for Christ has promised the Spirit to them who ask him, "to guide them into all truth, and show them things to come."

Well instructed by his heavenly teachings, she was acquainted with Christian truth; but she was more familiar still with the conflicts, dangers, escapes, and triumphs of the Christian soldier, warring against the world and Satan. In this warfare she was skillful, having been trained in the field. And the great "Captain" himself had "taught her hands to war," so that she could imitate her teacher, wielding his own sharp weapons against their common foe. Sober, vigilant, and ever pressing onward, she went "from strength to strength," in a path which shone brighter and "brighter unto the perfect day."

Sixth. She was "*saved to the uttermost*." Attending a prayer meeting, instituted by Rev. W. Browning, with a special reference to this object, she was enabled, in 1830, to enter the "more excellent way," in which ever after she walked in all lowliness of heart, to the glory of God. She confessed what God had wrought in her. Though her characteristic diffidence never forsook her, yet, with a meek and winning confidence, she was always ready, in the circle of prayer, the class-room, and the love feast, to proclaim all God's goodness. And as her testimony was confirmed by a remarkable purity, and consistency of behavior, it was forcible, and generally wrought a great effect on those who listened to it. Her words, like gold tried in a furnace, were pure words, and fruitful to the honor of her divine Lord. Her example was a constant publication of the grace which reigned in her, and proclaimed her "dead unto sin, and alive unto God."

In 184—, a most respectable Presbyterian clergyman, whose mind was much exercised on the subject of entire sanctification, desired the writer to introduce him to some member of our Church who enjoyed that eminent grace. I procured him an interview with Mrs. Dubois. He passed sometime in earnest conversation with her. Being much engaged, I could not witness the interview, and did not see the minister after it occurred. But a friend who conversed with him on the subject, informed me that the conference was most satisfactory to him, and that he seemed unable to express his pious admiration of the propriety, meekness, and instructive tenor of the conversation of this excellent sister. We often desired that members of sister Churches, who question the truth of this doctrine, should read her life. They must have been convinced that "she lived not," but that "Christ lived in her."

Seventh. Mrs. Dubois was a *fruitful* Christian. She gave herself, as much as lay in her, to works of faith and charity. She showed her "faith by her works." In the language of our excellent Discipline, she labored to do good "to the bodies and souls" of others. Visiting the sick, relieving the destitute, warning the wayward, and comforting the "cast down," she showed more than a willingness to spend and be spent in the service of benev-

olence. Above all, in going about to do good, it was peculiarly her meat and her drink to draw as many as possible to the bleeding bosom of her Savior. In all her labors she was unobtrusive. Yet she was efficient, for her light could not well be concealed. Her vigorous mind, her apt method, her evident sincerity, and, above all, an unction from the Holy One, attending her acceptable words, procured her success. She was therefore honored of the Lord, as the instrument of many conversions, and of leading some bright lights in the Church from lower to higher states of grace. How many, in the recollection of her bright example and edifying discourse, bless the days of their Christian communion with her!

Finally. Mrs. Dubois was a *persevering* Christian. She turned not to the right hand or to the left, but pressed forward continually, and endured to the end. Her zeal and diligence were unremitted, nay more, were increasing to the close of life.

She was painfully diseased for months. Chronic inflammation wasted her away little by little, till the slow, expiring lamp went out. But under the painful decline, when others came expecting to minister to her, they found her ever ready to minister to them. "Extreme unction" was by the dying to the minister rather than from the minister to the dying; nor shall many of us soon forget the anointings of gladness which we received in the holy communions of that consecrated chamber where she was finally and for ever espoused to her Lord. Well may it be said of her, as of Fletcher, while others were caring for her feeble and dying body, she was caring for their souls.

Near the close of her life, the "Beulah" where she rested and refreshed herself, seemed all one paradise of holy and almost insupportable delights. The glowing fervors of her soul, enamored of the divine beauties of her Lord, were almost too much for mortal to bear. Among many admirable sayings indicative of her triumph and spiritual exultation, she often exclaimed to her dear husband, "I feel such a weight of glory, that it seems to me my feeble frame will sink under it." Thus she reclined awhile on the bosom of her Beloved, waiting for the chariot, till at last it came and bore her to

"The palace of angels and God."

Would you, dear reader, die thus? Then, like her, be a *decided, meek, devout, consistent, growing, sanctified, fruitful, and persevering* Christian. They, and they only, who *live* as she lived, may expect to *die* as she died.



CHARITY suffereth long; it beareth the imperfections of others with patience; waits for their amendment without impatience; and begs it of God without being weary.

Original.

MINOR MORALS.

CHAPTER VI.

IN resuming my hasty animadversions, I begin with the item "punctuality"—punctuality in all your appointments, great or small; for whether in themselves of more or less consequence, it is assuredly of consequence to your character, both intrinsically and by acceptance, that you cultivate habits of regularity and order. In your appointments of time, let none wait for you. Yet you may sometimes yourself wait for a lady who is late, but *never* for a gentleman; for at the same moment that he puts a slight upon you, to pay him this compliment, it might be imputed rather to unmaidenly servility, than to mere good-natured unobservance. Yet do not talk much about it, nor remember it too long against the offender. Appropos of servility, avoid even its semblance, if you would claim the respect of any. There is always suspected to exist along with this trait a sort of antithesis of character—both being equally mean—of servility on the one hand, and overbearingness on the other—to be bestowed accordingly as your client is either rich or poor.

Be delicate in your treatment of gentlemen. Avoid sedulously putting them to little incidental expenses, such as hiring a horse for you from the livery for an excursion, or of too frequently treating to ices, and creams, &c.; not so much even because the gentleman *cannot* in these matters help himself, but because it is absolutely improper on your part that you should do it.

In your treatment of servants, be considerate, yet exact and uniform. Be kind, but never familiar. Does there exist a real inequality in your conditions? We know there does; and to respect this difference does not necessarily encroach upon their well being, or their good estimation as Christians, or as human beings. It is only a question which involves their *fitness* as associates. The chances of life, varied as they are by a thousand modifications, have rendered it improper that you regard them in this light; and it is much better for both parties that it be not so. By such occasional and capricious notices, they gain nothing that should be valuable to them; but their *pride* in other instances is piqued against you. Whilst on your part you lose much, the impropriety is visited upon you in many forms of annoyance, and in ways that could not be anticipated amidst a proper companionship. Be discreet in this matter.

Avoid caprice in your associations with all. To continue faithful to old friends is a matter of positive good taste. I declare I think the obligation a sacred one to remember those we are born amidst. Patriotism, love of country, so much lauded and vaunted, *what* is it, if this charity be violated?—a pantheistic devotion truly.

Some persons will occasionally be thrown on your hospitality, who are not altogether of your class or condition. This is a happening that you should respect; and whether agreeable to your first impulses or not, let it be your principle to treat them well for the time, shorter or longer, that they may be amidst you. And do not, though this person be inferior to yourself in education and politeness, thrust her away unmannerly, and even deny your own heart, for the sake of some "high lady," some "Mrs. Grundy," who all the while, perhaps, contemns you for your injustice, and despises you for your servility, though the homage is offered to herself. Strive ever, in all of your conduct, that principle overrule conventional assumptions. Do this, and persist in it, and sooner or later, whether you be rich or poor, your character will come to be established, as being a person of "rather superior way of thinking." I carry your *motives* not beyond this, and yet they are beyond it in these *minor* considerations.

Enter not into many *intimacies*. More evil than good comes of it. Prefer your sisters as confidants before others: this is being discreet, and may save you many vexations. To be presented possibly before the public for imputed exaggerations or *fabrications*, must be nearly as distressing (personally) as to be really guilty of them. To profess friendship before one is capable to discriminate character, is a great mistake; and as in such case it is founded on *nothing*, it will come to nothing.

Endeavor to excel in whatever you undertake. This need not necessarily be a question of personal rivalry, but only of self-advancement in those things that are desirable. In taking a high aim, be not discouraged if you fall somewhat short of it. Says Dr. Johnson, "He that attempts the elevation of the eagle, will probably attain to that of the lark." Whilst doing your best effort, you obey the momentum of your ability. You make exactly the right progress. More would embarrass you. Of all things, be constant and steady in your pursuits. In this thing forget not the curse of Reuben, "*Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.*"

Be not fond of compliments: these are a sort of promiscuous commodity, some genuine, some spurious, assorted to suit customers, and dealt out at a guess, with no particular exactness of appropriation. Look them down with an easy disregard, but do not, by a vehement "disclaimer," seem to beg a repetition. You will soon be understood *in facto*. Yet when a person of grave character bestows a commendation upon you, accept it freely, and let your acknowledgment show that you esteem it not so much a personal tribute, as that you have had the sense to cull a grace where "graces grow."

And now, having for the present exhausted my subject, or my comments upon all the peccadilloes

that have occurred to me, I am about to take my leave. In doing this, I commend strenuously to my young reader one observance, namely, that she endeavor to study her own character, its excesses and its short-comings, that, by ever-continued scrutiny, with sober piety, she may establish a proper *self-estimation*, not, certainly, for the sake of a vain-glorious satisfaction, but, on the opposite, that she may do nothing offensive or unworthy of the standard she would wish to establish for herself. And now my charity leads me to remember those youthful days, when your writer and monitor was herself constantly committing those sins of *inadvertence* against which she now counsels and forewarns you. Yet remember that extenuation always implies apology—in fact, it is limited apology. Remember, also, that the faults which are in some measure venial, may not, therefore, be expedient to you; and whatever the degree of culpability, you have yourself the worst of it. In addition to this, very few can claim exemption from that *willfulness* of error which “follows after a multitude to do evil.”

My chapters, it will be seen, are limited to the outward observance of manners, and are but the “mint, and the cumin, and the anise,” and affect not the “weightier matters of the law”—the essentials of morality and of conduct. “These therefore shall ye do, and not leave the others undone;” for whatever politeness, refinement, or personal graces you may possess, yet, without the intrinsic merit of *principles*, you may be compared with, and indeed are like unto a “whited sepulchre”—beautiful without—within full of corruption and *decay*. With ability, perception, and docility enough to attain to these, yet willfully “forgetting God,” you can have neither faith, nor hope, nor charity; but only a time-serving vanity, and an egotistical narrowness are the ground and the top of your perfections—no sacrifice and no gratitude attesting either to your right estimation or your thankfulness for gifts received; and verily, “being weighed in the balance,” even here, shall you “be found wanting.”

C. M. B.



Original.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

RELIGIOUS impression can bring forth good and solid fruit only by being established by grace. The apostle directs us to *try the spirits, whether they be of God*, that we may thus rise above human opinion, and earthly wisdom, and escape the wily suggestions of the enemy. Since the fall of man, the darkness of our understandings is so great, the deceitfulness of the heart so desperate, that they would *both* combine to lead those who trust in them into the vortex of sin and the snares of error. “Lean not to thine own understanding;” “He

that trusteth to his own heart is a fool,” is the direction and the decision of one whose wisdom I do not think any modern can rival; and a *greater* than Solomon hath said, that “out of the heart proceedeth evil;” that here is the prolific fountain of sin, and folly, and death. How wise and suitable, then, to the actual condition of man is the direction of the apostle—to turn him from this polluted fountain to the spirit of truth, and *try* every thought and affection by its unerring dictates, as revealed in God’s most holy word! How does sin, folly, and fanaticism vanish before this holy light, when the humble and the contrite seek it! Instead of following the suggestions and impressions of our own hearts, however strong, if we are really humble, and have learned from the Bible the vileness and nothingness of these “fleshly hearts,” and shall “*try* the spirits, whether they be of God,” then shall we grow in knowledge and in grace by *his* divine teachings—then shall our affections become more and more sanctified, and our understandings more and more illuminated, whereby to behold the “wondrous things out of God’s law”—then shall we have permanent sources of intellectual and moral pleasures, pure, and heavenly, and unmixed, and undefiled—then shall we be preserved from a rash fanaticism and idle impressions on the one hand, as well as from the deadly sin of lukewarmness on the other—then shall we feel a supreme desire to be *sanctified* as well as to be *saved*—we shall then never separate the one idea from the other: the blissful end and the glorious means will form a never-ending alliance in our souls.

The Redeemer’s cross is the only means to effect this *end*—the effectual *motive* to “deny all ungodliness.” Is it not the want of true heart-felt humility, instead of the mere semblance of it, that prevents our obeying the direction to “*try* the spirits, whether they be of God?” If we do not this, the heart will surely betray us into sin. *Here* is the reason of all the discrepancies in the conduct of Christians—the source of “false doctrines, heresies, and schisms.” Forgetting this, individuals lean to their own understandings, and following the devices of their own hearts, are led away from the proper path of duty by impression and passion. They become “busybodies in other men’s matters,” advancing their own ignorant and short-sighted views and sentiments in points they are not called upon to determine.

We should always remember that the “law of God” is to guide our understandings and efforts, and that whatsoever is contrary to this, however specious the motive, can be productive only of evil and disorder. And that these effects are not immediately fatal and permanent, is to be ascribed to the all-benevolent, all-wise, and all-perfect providence of God—to his love for his creatures—to that

God who educes good out of evil, that *he* may be glorified, and not to the senseless perverters of his righteous laws.

It remains eternally true, and should fill us with a deep sense of our *personal* accountability, that a "woe" is denounced on him "by whom the offense cometh." Let, then, every effort be thus regulated, that whilst we feel and cultivate a lively interest in the temporal and eternal happiness of others, our interest and exertions should be exempt from the "spirit of mischief." We should see that even our benevolent regard for the welfare of others be under the guidance of "sound wisdom and discretion," and that to attempt to benefit others independently of these rules, often originates from an unhumiliated, if not a treacherous heart.

We each know our own circumstances, talents, and opportunities, or rather we should strive to know them, and to act as accountable for them. This deep feeling of responsibility, and the consequent duties arising from it, should so occupy the soul, as effectually to absorb that restless spirit which prompts to vain efforts and useless inquiries; while, at the same time, by the rule of a holy equity and love, we should benevolently and justly estimate the condition and interests of others as we have been taught to consider our own. It follows, that if we know our own proper good, we shall know that of others. Benevolent interest will then be no excuse for *impertinence* in our *Christianized* vocabulary: the refinement and the faithfulness of Christian love will not be disjoined. Yet when actual sin gives occasion, we have the example of the highest authority to use great "plainness of speech," not to call the "abominable thing which God hates" by any softened name, nor gloss it over by any false colors. And we should be slow to comment on and criticise others for adopting different lines of conduct (when we can *know* so little) from what we may fancy best for them; and we may well consider the advice and interference which is often obtruded upon such groups unchristian, and ill-natured, and ill-timed. We should "try the spirits, whether they be of God," and then we shall have a holy confidence in all that we do. The "fear of men" will not then disturb, nor *their* opinions perplex us—"our master is Christ Jesus the Lord."

"Lead me into the land of uprightness," says David. Why should we merely enter the *precincts*, when we are permitted to walk through the land in the "length and breadth thereof?" Is it not because we "love to linger on the plain?" Why should we not ascend on high, and with holy rapture gaze on the opening prospects, the enduring fruits of a better country—even a heavenly!

We should care more to acquire these principles, and to form these dispositions, which will fit us for

the society of God and angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect, than for present success and temporal advantages merely.

The "spiritual mind" is life and peace under *all* circumstances, whether of adversity or prosperity. In heaven, no opposing principle within, no impeding circumstance without, will disturb the perpetual spring of bliss; for the soul will be entirely assimilated to God, and will rejoice in the constant and reflected "brightness of his face" for ever. "When I awake up after thy likeness," I shall be "*satisfied*." Why, then, should we live *below* this glorious hope? It will purify the heart; it will preserve from false estimates; it will fill the soul with noble interests; it will make us in all things just, and kind, and true, one toward another, "striving together for the faith of the Gospel."

SARAH.



Original.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.

It is declared in the commandments of God, "Thou shalt do no murder;" and it is a wise ordination of Providence that has made the individual who has been found guilty of this ignominious crime to be looked upon with universal abhorrence. And if his dark secret be locked up in his own bosom, whilst he is still mingling with the world unsuspected, although the plague-spot appear not *outwardly*, his sufferings are unmitigated and abiding: the corroding sting of conscience ever clings to him, and rankles in his heart while life lasts. Were it not for this salutary check, how comparatively unsafe would be the condition of society, and how would murderers become multiplied in our land! For there are those amongst mankind, who having the hardihood to slay, still shrink from the superstitious dread of being haunted through life, not only by a guilty conscience, but by the fearful apprehension of a spiritual visitation of their victim. How universal is the acknowledgment of those who, having disregarded this preservative influence, and dyed their hands in the blood of a fellow mortal, that life was ever after a painful burden! Their worldly affairs may be prosperous, relatives and friends may cluster around them, but they can never enjoy a *single hour of happiness*. "The soul knoweth its own bitterness." "A guilty conscience, who can bear?"

When I was a small child, I used daily to pass, on my way to school, a neat, cheerful looking frame house, in which a murder was said to have been committed; and I well remember the shudder that crept over me as the servant girl who attended me, and who was wonderfully fond of the marvellous, pointed it out, and told me that "the stains of blood in the floor could never be washed away;"

that the more they were scrubbed, the brighter they grew; and that "the spirit of the murdered man *appeared* there every night at exactly the same hour at which he had been killed;" and I, poor simple child, who never doubted any thing that Lima told me, for long years would have thought it a sort of sacrilege (gleesome and joyous though I was) to have indulged in laughter while passing this haunted house. Whenever the school received a new pupil, she was promptly informed of the proximity of this mysterious, fearful house; and as soon as school was dismissed, she was duly escorted by a whole bevy of girls to the premises, where we would long stand gazing and whispering, and half expecting to see the ghost, even at noonday. Murders at that period were of rare occurrence in our country, and consequently made a much deeper impression upon the mind of the adult, as well as the child, than at the present time, when the

"Ear is pained with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage."

In token of which, this same house had once stood in a village, on a river, about five miles distant from its present situation, and there it was that the murder had been perpetrated. It was the first outrage of the kind that had ever been known amidst their peaceful community; and the indignant villagers were so dismayed at the occurrence, that the very sight of the building where this deed had been committed was an offense to them. No person, of course, would inhabit this polluted place; and it finally became an encumbrance to the owner, as occupying a lot that might be otherwise improved; and he at length offered to *give* it to any one who would remove it from the village. But as this was at a time previous to houses being considered as "movable property," it long stood alone in its desolation. At length one enterprising and hardy enough to accept this ill-omened gift was found, and it was floated and fixed on its present site in the city of P—. After I got old enough to understand the matter, I learned that the circumstances upon which the murder rested were these: The house was occupied at the time it took place by an old gentleman only, and a female housekeeper of about thirty years of age, one who had lived in the family during the lifetime of the old gentleman's wife, who had now been some years dead. The old gentleman was possessed of a small, snug independence, but nothing by which to be called wealthy. He maintained a comfortable though frugal style of living, and his one domestic repaid his indulgence, by the most sedulous attention to his comfort; and thus they lived for years, more like a parent and child than like master and servant.

One morning after she had prepared breakfast,

and waited beyond the usual hour of the old gentleman's rising, she thought, as she said, that she would just step to his chamber door, and see what detained him. She did so; and no answer being returned to her knock, she knocked still louder, but all was silent. She now became alarmed, and tried the door, which, contrary to his usual custom, she found unfastened. She swung it open, and almost fainted with the sight that presented itself. There lay her beloved master crosswise on the bed, with his *throat cut*, and completely dead. A basin had been so placed as to catch the blood as it fell; but it had overflowed, and half deluged the floor; and beside it lay his own razor, the fatal instrument with which the deed had been done. Shocked and distressed, she immediately gave the alarm to the neighbors, and all were in dismay at the event. As to the murderer or the motive, none seemed to have the least suspicion of what or whom it must be. The old gentleman had always through his life been esteemed not only an honest, but also an honorable and remarkably benevolent man; extensively known, and beloved by all. And yet it appeared that "an enemy must have done this thing," for he was not robbed, even his watch was untouched. Some few there were who, from the position in which he lay, and his own razor being found at hand, supposed it to be a suicide. But those best acquainted with him would not admit such a belief. They thought him too conscientious, too easy in his circumstances, too cheerful in his temperament, and too old, to render this idea at all probable; besides this, his hands were perfectly free from any marks of blood. From all these circumstances, it was inferred that he had been so placed by the murderer, in order to lead to such an opinion. Yet no individual was suspected—all was wrapped in mystery. The coroner performed his duty; the corpse was buried; and though all seemed to miss him and mourn over his fate, yet, like others, he was finally forgotten. None could feel his death as much as his housekeeper; she had not only missed a kind friend, but had lost an independent and indulged home; and she mourned the event with many heart-felt tears. She felt, as she said, that she was cast alone upon the world, without the ability to struggle for herself. No will being found, there had been no provision made for her by the deceased, and her only alternative seemed to be to live with some relative as a companion and assistant. For this purpose she emigrated to the west, (Tennessee, I think,) and there became an inmate with a distant cousin. At that early period there was little intercourse between the eastern and western states; and after informing her friends of her safe arrival and her establishment with her relative, she closed her letter by lamenting the home and the

friend she had lost, in the most feeling manner. Then nothing was again heard of her for years. The next intelligence received was, that she had married a plain, substantial man, with some property; and her eastern friends rejoiced to learn that she had done so well.

More than twenty years now passes away, and nothing more is heard of the emigrant to Tennessee. In this long interval, an easy carriage-road has been made over the Alleghanies, and steamboat navigation been introduced on all our rivers; so that traveling, which heretofore had been both tedious and perilous, has now become expeditious and pleasant, and emigrants from every quarter are flocking and flooding to our southern and western states. At length an aged lady, who had been personally acquainted with the murdered gentleman, and knew and commiserated the destitution of the housekeeper's condition at the time, went out to Tennessee to visit a son who was settled there. She succeeded in tracing out this individual. But, O horror! she learned that she had recently died, *confessing herself a murderess!* The old gentleman, it seems, had had some peculiarities, one of which was, that he had been for many years in the habit of laying aside small sums—changing bills from time to time into gold. This money he never mentioned to any one. Although he was free in speaking generally of his possessions to his housekeeper, he had said nothing of this; and it had accumulated to the sum of four thousand dollars, when this woman accidentally discovered the place of the deposit. As no account after his death was ever found amongst his papers of this money, it could throw no light on the subject of his murder. After the woman's eyes had once beheld this secreted treasure, Satan entered into her heart, and she was determined to make it her own. Once possessed of this convenient sum of money, she promised herself that the enjoyments of life would be hers without further personal exertion. From this time she hardened her heart against all kindly impulses that would have turned her from her purpose, until the horrid deed was accomplished. But O, the way of the transgressor is hard: grievous had the burden of life since proved to her. The image of her benefactor had ever been before her, and the very kindness of her husband and children seemed but to aggravate her sufferings. She had often, she said, been tempted to unburden her guilty soul to her husband, in hope of finding the weight lessened. But she had never collected courage to do so until she felt herself on her death-bed. She then called him to her bedside, and made full confession of her guilt, and humbly besought of him to forgive her the deception she had put upon him, adding, that God's forgiveness she dared not hope for. Shocked, as with a thunder-stroke, at

the horrid idea of having lived for so long a term of years with a *murderess*, he groaned deeply and turned away, bereft as it were of his reason, without uttering a word. Compassion to her sufferings induced him to see her at short intervals after this. The wretched man was not only shocked, but conscience-stricken: he found himself the husband of a murderess; and bitterest of all, she was the mother of his children; and he felt that the alliance had been in a double sense unholy, for he was conscious of having sought her for the sake of this very gold, which had thus turned to dross in his hands, unworthy even, as he thought, wherewith to "buy a potter's field." Bitter was this thought to his soul! But he behaved wisely and bravely: he made all the reparation in his power; he gathered every groat of this wicked treasure and cast it from himself: he gave it into the treasury of the Lord—a gift for the poor—believing and knowing that that charity which is twice blessed could sanctify even this gift, and make of this gold the "fine gold." Peace be to the giver!

When we contemplate the character of this woman, we are amazed at its hardihood and its wicked daring, and we seek to account for a sufficient motive for the monstrousness of her deed. But we are lost in wonder, and are loth to afford her even the revolting excuse of the *monomania*. But it were far more profitable for us to consider her as one who, possessing originally a covetous disposition, was, by Satan, led on little by little, until this besetting sin—in the beginning perhaps "no bigger than a grain of mustard seed," (and in the absence, no doubt, of prayer and grace,) spread out, and increased, and overwhelmed her soul, even to the commission of this atrocity. The malefactor at the cross, we are told, received pardon, and it is not our place to pass judgment on this woman. Hers was a signal case; but let us beware of our own besetting sins, and watch the beginnings of iniquity in our own souls.

AUGUSTA.

Original.

I'LL PLANT THE WHITE ROSE O'ER HIM.

I'LL plant his own rose o'er him:

Perchance from his home on high,

This, bud and blossom bearing,

May attract his cherub eye.

His spirit pure may know it,

Fresh springing from his tomb;

And can he e'er watch o'er it,

And not think of his home?

Blend, blend with its pure blossom

The thought of early ties,

O sainted spirit of my child,

Returning to the skies!

L. C. L.

NOTICES.

SERMONS BY JOHN BAPTIST MASSILON, *with an introduction by Rev. William M. Willett.* Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co.—Massilon rose from obscurity to renown by the power of his eloquence. His sermons are, perhaps, with the exception of those of Saurin, the finest models of pulpit discourse which French literature affords—practical in their tendency, simple yet elegant in their style, clear and distinct in their exhibitions of Gospel truth, marvelously accurate in their delineations of the human heart, and overwhelming in their appeals to the sinner's conscience. Less logical than Bourdeloue, less doctrinal than Saurin, less elegant than Fenelon, Massilon is, nevertheless, more powerful, more pungent, and more pathetic than they all.

Massilon was an orator, and he could not communicate his charm with his pen. We must hear the orator to appreciate his eloquence. It is said that this distinguished minister used no gesticulation—indeed, he rarely raised his arm; but his solemn deportment, his meek and quiet spirit, the intonations of his voice, and his countenance, that index of the soul, beaming with faith, and intelligent earnestness, enchained the attention, and enchanted the heart.

He was an humble man. Humility and eloquence are rarely combined; in him, however, they blend in harmonious union. For a long time he was insensible of his power; but when the discovery burst upon him, alarmed, and, as if pursued by a demon, he concealed himself in an abbey, where he would have spent life in ascetic and prayerful retirement, had not Cardinal de Noailles recalled him to Paris and the Oratory. Modesty never forsook him, but marked his manners and his mind even amid the fascinations and applauses of the most gorgeous court of Europe.

He was liberal. His revenues were devoted to the poor; and when he walked abroad, the prostrate multitude saluted him as their father. He died without money.

He had a large human heart. This was the foundation of his eloquence; and though it was, we trust, sanctified by grace, yet it afforded him the startling pictures of depravity which he suspended with such tremendous effect before his auditory.

Being crucified to the world, he found, in the humble, self-denying duties of his diocese, his chief enjoyment. Though a Catholic, he seems to have emancipated himself from the superstitions of his Church and times. If he had foibles and vices, I pray that I may never hear of them. Suffer me to cherish the beautiful illusion that he had nothing but excellences.

A traveler, when at Clermont, wishing to see the country seat where Massilon was accustomed to pass a great part of the year, "applied to an ancient grand vicar, who, since the Bishop's death, had not had resolution enough to visit this country mansion, now deprived of its inhabitants. He consented, however, to satisfy the traveler's desire. * * * They went together, and the grand vicar showed every thing to the stranger. 'Here,' said he, 'is the alley where this worthy prelate took his walks with us: here is the arbor under which he used to repose while he read: this is the garden which he cultivated with his own hands.' They then entered the house; and when they came to the chamber in which Massilon breathed his last, 'This,' said the grand vicar, 'is the place where we lost him;' and as he spoke these words, he fainted."

But to return to the sermons. Ladies, if your husbands are not ministers, get them, read them, ponder on them, pray over them. Gather your family around you on the stormy day, and winter evening, and teach them to call, among other good books, for Massilon; but if your husband be a minister, madam, you must forego this pleasure, unless you do it stealthily. Sermons are dangerous things in a minister's library. They ought to be in his head. If he have none among his books, he will seek them from his Bible, his congregation, or his heart; and then they will be likely to come forth animated with the breath of the Holy Ghost. There are no sketches appended to the sermons of Massilon. This is fortunate. We have sketches enough to spoil all the clergymen in the Union already. But are skeletons of no use? If a man has living muscle, brain, and heart, but all so soft that it is unable to stand up, a skeleton is an important instrument; but usually a clothed skeleton is but a paper manikin. But are not all men borrowers? Truly, all borrow thoughts from nature, and words from the dictionary; and some *originals* borrow both from their fellows. You may tell me that Homer borrowed, and Shakspeare borrowed, but is there no difference between Homer and a plagiarist, between Shakspeare and a play actor, between a retailer of sketches and an original preacher?

LIFE ON THE OCEAN, by George Little. Boston: Waite, Pierce & Co.—Like all similar books, this is an exceedingly interesting and exciting one. It has some faults in the style, but they are atoned for, nay, buried under the interest of the story. The author is blind. The period of his voyages and adventures embraces an important era in our country's history.

VOYAGES ROUND THE WORLD from the death of Captain Cook to the present time. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is No. 172 of the Family Library, and is one of the most interesting of that valuable series. The subjects of the chapters are as follow: Chapter I. Efforts made by Spain, England, and France, in the northern Pacific, and on the northwestern shores of America. Chapter II. Voyages of D'Entrecasteaux, Marchand, and Vancouver. Chapter III. Edwards, Wilson, Fanning, and Turnbull. Chapter IV. Baudin, Freycinet, Duperry, D'Urville, Bougainville, and La Place. Chapter V. Krusenstern, Kotzebue, and Lutke. Chapter VI. Hall, Ruschenberger, and Fitzroy. Chapter VII. Meyen, Wilson, Belcher, and Ross.

KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSEKEEPING. *A story of domestic life.* Edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale.—This is a well written and useful little book, which every mother who knows not how to train her daughters, and every fashionable young lady, who either is, or ought to be, or expects to be a housewife, might read with interest and profit. The young ladies of the present generation are becoming delicate and useless very fast. The time may come when they will find that lessons in English economy are better than lessons in French poetry; that manipulations in dough make better music for a hungry family than manipulations on the piano; that a good wife is better than a parlor ornament.

NEW ORLEANS AS I FOUND IT. By H. Didymus.—A well written sketch of New Orleans, as it appeared in 1836. Descriptions of this wealthy, growing, business city must be interesting to all, but especially to Americans.

MISS MARTINEAU'S LETTERS ON MESMERISM. *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—From our youth we have been taught to bow humbly before established facts, and restrain our ignorance, and prejudice, and fancy from erecting barriers to our faith. But when alledged facts are strange, we should receive them with caution. If presented to our senses, we should examine them carefully—if reported to our faith, we should scrutinize the testimony: in both cases bearing in mind that nature's laws are uniform; that their obvious results have been matters of observation ever since Adam was created; that man, though "made upright, has sought out many inventions;" and that it is easy for depraved beings to falsify and deceive.

We should generalize cautiously. In natural philosophy, a single experiment is often an adequate induction, because we can see all the circumstances which affect the result; but in meteorology, physiology, and mental philosophy, where a thousand causes may operate without our knowledge, we must accumulate facts, and multiply and vary experiments before we deduce a general principle.

It is well to bear in mind that fashion exerts her tyranny not only in dress, but in religion and philosophy. From the days of Lord Bacon, philosophy steadily advanced toward materialism, until the time of Kant. Then commenced a reaction, which, having advanced to transcendentalism in Germany, has recently made itself felt in England and America. Now we are moving rapidly toward spiritualism: the infidels who a few months ago resolved mind into blood and brain, are now prating about the "*Psyche*," and the "*Nous*," and the "*tertium quid*," without so much as glancing at matter.

We reject nothing simply because it is new—we adhere to nothing simply because it is old; but upon the borders of the "new dispensation" we pause to make our observations, ready to hear, willing to communicate, and waiting to hail with joy all real intellectual progress. In a becoming spirit, as we trust, we sit down to an analysis of the interesting pamphlet before us. The fair authoress writes to prove, from her own experience, the truth and remedial value of Mesmerism. It is evident to the reader that she is a lady of taste and fancy. She is also a lady of learning, and apparently interested in the extension of knowledge. Nor is she wanting in candor; for she says that she was "a believer upon testimony, before she witnessed any Mesmeric facts." She states that she was afflicted with chronic disease, but suppresses the name of her malady. This is unfortunate. There are some diseases more readily cured by the imagination, as the doctor said when he sent cobwebs to his aguish patient. She admits that she supposed all along that Mesmerism would give her partial relief—indeed, she seems to have looked to it from the first as the *pis aller*, though as forbidden fruit, which she must, like mother Eve, watch her opportunity to pluck. Let this be borne in mind; for he who looks for a ghost, must be dull indeed if he do not find one.

In regard to the cure, as well as the disease, we are somewhat in the dark; but the reader is prepared for future developments: "My Mesmerist and I are not so precipitate as to conclude my disease yet extirpated," &c.

Miss M. starts with a

FALSE PRESUMPTION.

She maintains that the strangeness of facts is a presumption in their favor. There must, then, be a strong

presumption in favor of the systems of Jemima Wilkinson, Joanna Southcott, Dr. Sangrado, and Joe Smith. She says, "On the first trial, I did not fall asleep; but I did feel something very strange." At this time Mr. Hall, a strange Mesmerizer, was operating by "passes over the head; made from behind—passes from the forehead to the back of the head, and a little way down the spine." Amid such passes, no wonder she felt something strange.

The following sentence affords a clew to the

EXPLANATION OF THE CURE.

Speaking of her strange visions, she informs us that they occurred "between the expiration of one opiate and the taking of another." Here is the thread of the labyrinth. Miss M. was an opium eater. After resorting to Mesmerism, she gradually laid aside her opiates, in proportion as her faith increased; and at length, having abandoned them altogether, was restored (as many a Washingtonian) to health. "The appearance has rather given way to drowsiness since I left off the opiates." No marvel.

Miss M. is guilty of much

SOPHISTRY.

She falls into the fallacy of *non causa pro causa*. She was Mesmerized, and she recovered. This is all she knows; but she is not content with stating these two facts. She assumes that the one is the cause of the other. She mistakes the *post hoc* for the *propter hoc*, as did the Florentine who, having taken pills, and found his lost horse, supposed that the medicine was "good to find horses." The skillful sophist always avoids a direct assertion of what he intends unduly to assume. "I am careful," says Miss M., "to avoid theorizing on a subject," &c., and then adds, "but it can hardly be called theorizing to say, that the principle of life is fortified by the Mesmeric influence," &c. "I am no orator, as Brutus is," says Anthony, in the midst of the highest oratory.

Mark the following: "The numerous cases recorded of cure of rheumatism, dropsy, cancers, and the whole class of tumors—cases as distinct and almost as numerous as those of paralysis, epilepsy, and other diseases of the brain and nerves, must make any inquirer cautious of limiting his anticipations and experiments by any theory of exclusive action on the nervous system." This may do for some; but we would much prefer that it should be proved instead of assumed.

Miss M. uses adroitly the fallacy of *argumentum ad verecundiam*, which consists in an appeal to the authority of great names. She quotes La Place and Cuvier; but their testimony amounts to little. The former said, "Applying to Mesmerism his own principles and formulas respecting human evidence, he could not withhold his assent to what was so strongly supported." If we knew in what degree of comprehension the term "Mesmerism" was used by La Place in this passage, we should know what his testimony was worth. The opinion of Cuvier (if we translate him correctly) is, in substance, that certain results leave but little doubt that the proximity of two animal bodies, in certain positions, and with certain movements, have a real effect, independent of all mutual participation of the imagination. Thus far the illustrious predecessor leads: thus far the humble editor follows. Not a word in either authority about cures, visions, or clairvoyance. But suppose that both these distinguished Frenchmen, at a time when all Paris was in motion about Mesmerism, had given their assent to it,

in all its length and breadth, could they thus have established its pretensions? Judicial astrology, even in the dawn of the seventeenth century, could boast such advocates as Cardano and Kepler. Lord Bacon, the greatest of modern philosophers, believed in charms and amulets. If the question were to be determined by the weight of authority, it would be easily disposed of. In a recent number of the *Medico Chirurgical Review*, M. Brachet, (than whom a higher authority on subjects connected with innervation cannot be cited,) speaking of hypochondriacism as the only disease to which Mesmerism is applicable, says, "In our opinion Animal Magnetism, even when divested of all the apparatus of charlatanry, is, on the whole, more likely to do harm than good in the disease under consideration. If such be our opinion of Magnetism, we need scarcely say that we equally discredit all the recorded wonders of Somnambulism, the exhibitions of which are now almost entirely limited to rogues, whose only object is to attract the public notice, and rob their *silly dupes*."

Miss M. embraces the whole *Magnetisme Animal*, not excepting

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Of this she gives a case. One of her domestics, a maid of nineteen, who had been frequently Mesmerized, had a cousin at sea. A report arrives that the vessel he sails is lost. Contradictory accounts of particulars reach the village. The sailor's mother, who lives adjacent to Miss M., goes to Shields to learn the truth; and on her return calls upon Miss M. to relate the news; but when she enters the maid is enjoying a *seance*; and while the old lady narrates the facts below stairs, the young one narrates them above. The latter avows that she did not obtain them from any body. She had, however, been out on an errand, and the news had reached town. Which is the more probable, that the maid saw, sitting at New Castle, what occurred long before, between Gottenburg and Elsinore, or that she told a falsehood? We are not perplexed with the horns of this dilemma. Indeed, this maid is no *negative quantity*, and was, perhaps, often *plus*, whilst her Mesmerist was *minus*. "When asked repeatedly whether she could read with her eyes shut, see things behind her, &c., she always replied that she does not like that sort of thing, and will not do it—she likes 'higher things.' " That's a lady. But suppose she told the truth: had this girl, in a natural sleep, dreamed the facts, as they occurred, should we have drawn the conclusion that in this condition the soul is clairvoyant, or supposed that her dream was an ordinary one, suggested by the strong anxiety of the subject for her cousin, in connection with the reports of the shipwreck, and which, by a natural coincidence, had its fulfillment? Consider such a case alone, and it is wonderful; but view it in connection with the thousand failures, and it ceases to astonish. That there are failures Miss M. is witness. Speaking of this maid, she says, "We have tried her clairvoyance by *agreement* with friends at a distance, strangers to her, and have *failed*, as we deserved." The maid's clairvoyance did not operate on strangers. Now read: "One evening she burst into a long story of a woman who lived in Tynemouth two hundred years ago, who made cataplasms for the feet of a lame monk;" but asleep as she was, (?) she caught herself, and added, "that she once read this in a book, and just thought of it." Pretty clairvoyance! We could equal this ourselves. The girl

perhaps has no difficulty in regard to strangers when there is no *agreement* in the way. Many, in clairvoyance, appear most happy when among strangers, and at great distances. The "learned blacksmith" is said to be making discoveries in the moon, having sent a boy, in a state of clairvoyance, into one of the school-houses of that satellite, and obtained the characters in which the "man in the moon" writes his letters. Similar discoveries are in progress here. Brother S. was puzzled the other day with a long manuscript left with him to be printed. In what language was it written? Some said German; and up it went to the office of the Apologist; but down it came repudiated with indignation. Many of us could testify that it was neither Greek, nor Latin, nor French, and our learned and gifted friend, Dr. E., could swear that it was neither Hebrew nor Syriac. Finally, it was shifted into the packing-room, and there pronounced to be Welsh, there being no Welshman in the Concern to contradict it. When the owner called for his book, brother S. returned the manuscript, and with much *sang froid*, said, "We don't print Welsh." "Welsh!" cried the astonished stranger, "it is not Welsh. I have been in a clairvoyant state for three weeks past, and this (pointing to the manuscript) is the result."

Miss M. discloses some of the

TENDENCIES OF MESMERISM.

No wonder that infidel philosophy is pleased with it. Compelled to believe in a spiritual world, infidelity would shame us out of all concern for it. Miss M. is apprised of the tendency. The following is one of her precious "*whens*." "What becomes of really divine inspiration, when the commonest people find they can elicit marvels of prevision and insight." To this "when" we add a few "ifs." What respect can we have for the soul, if it can be "thrown as a toy into the hands of children, and other ignorant persons, and of the base?" what regard for religion, if conversion and regeneration can be produced with the thumb and fingers? what concern for the eternal world, if an infidel, by a pass of his hand, can send the spirit rushing through its portals, and bring it back at will? what aspirations for a glorified state, if, as Miss M. supposes, "the highest faculties are seen in their utmost perfection during the magnetic sleep?" By the light of this new science the Bible is "reading made easy." But avant nonsense and blasphemy. If Mesmerism, however, should deprive us of confidence in the Bible, it would substitute for it a faith of more ample dimensions, which could pause with veneration before judicial astrology, magic, necromancy, witchcraft, the legends of saints, and the temptations of holy anchorets, and even evoke from the tomb the ghosts which Knowledge, the great exorcist, supposed she had long since sent to their everlasting rest. We do not, as does his Holiness, blame Satan with Mesmerism; but we are sorry when deacons and class-leaders bless God while the operator runs his fingers over the cranium of some hysteric maiden, rousing, one moment, veneration, and the next amateness.

But Miss M. shall *serve* us before we leave her. As high priestess of the temple, she speaks as follows: "I believe there is no doubt that the greatest of all injuries done to Mesmerism is by its itinerant advocates. This appears to be admitted by every body but the itinerants themselves; and none lament the practice so much as the higher order of Mesmerists. * * If they have not the means of advocating Mesmerism without taking

money for it, they had better earn their bread in another way, and be satisfied with giving their testimony, and their powers (so far as their knowledge goes) gratuitously at home." Farwell, Miss Martineau.

Before we close, we must say that we have many *scientific* friends who are philosophical and sober inquirers into Mesmerism. We hold ourselves in readiness to hear *their* facts, examine *their* arguments, and receive with gratitude whatever they may present which is calculated to increase the knowledge or the happiness of mankind; but there is a *class of men* for whom we have not time nor ink to spare.

THE WESTERN PROTESTANT.—This is a new paper, of which Rev. Dr. Booth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is the agent, and Rev. Dr. Rice, of the Presbyterian Church, is the editor; the business abilities of the one, and the editorial capacities of the other, must insure its success. It is devoted to the Protestant cause, and will make prudent efforts to arrest the progress of Romanism in the Valley of the Mississippi. Light is needed on the character and designs of the Papacy relative to this country, and able, spirited, and judicious journals, such as this, must deserve patronage and encouragement.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

LIBERALITY.

Columbus, March 6, 1845.

Dear Brother Thomson,—During my visit to Columbus, I visited the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, in company with brother Miley. We were very politely received. My visit was peculiarly gratifying; and I left this and the other charitable public institutions with a warmer regard for the noble state which has provided so liberally for the wants of the unfortunate. And I felt proud (I trust it is pardonable) that I was a citizen of Ohio.

Intending to send a copy of the Ladies' Repository to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, I asked Mr. H. N. Hubbel, Principal of the Asylum, if they would like to have it; and he informed me that they had been in the receipt of it for some time, and added, that he was not aware until lately that the profits were devoted to the relief of worn-out preachers, their widows and orphans; and insisted upon presenting me five dollars for the Repository, saying that he had read it with great pleasure, and was not willing to enjoy that pleasure without contributing to its benevolent object. May the Lord bless him and reward him an hundred fold; and may his example encourage others to do likewise.

Yours, affectionately, EDWARD D. ROE.

Men of enlightened and liberal views, and kind and catholic feeling, are oases even in the best portion of Christendom; such oases are, however, multiplying rapidly in the American Churches; and we trust they will soon make the desert blossom as the rose.

We, too, are proud of our public institutions, and of none more than the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, which will not fail to meet the public expectation while it has such a modest and master mind at its head.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

March 19, 1845.

Dear Sir,—I suppose, from an editorial in your last number, that another of my unfortunate progeny may have fallen under your interdict. This is certainly rather discouraging; but as they are the first which have

been rejected by your magazine, I feel perfectly willing to abide by the justice of your decision; for I should much rather *all* my pieces should be destroyed, than have one appear which would discredit the magazine or myself. But a few years have passed over my own head, and you know years alone perfect the judgment; an author's *pet* children, too, like every other person's, are likely to be the worst of the whole brood. Considering these points, I am glad you have taken so decided a stand in the matter; since if you are determined to weave an unblemished garland, those flowers which are chosen for its decorations may be the more proud of the honor. Hoping this piece may be found more worthy than the one preceding, I remain,

Yours, very sincerely,

AN INQUIRY.

Dear Brother Thomson,—It is rather a late day to acknowledge the favor of your very kind letter, written I know not how long ago. Charge the neglect, however, not to any lack of kindness, respect, or Christian love, on my part, but to the dread of the labor of *writing*, which has for some years been growing upon me, until it has almost assumed the diagnostics of an idiosyncrasy. I yield, it is true, to this *scribendiphobia*, but do not attempt to justify it. I confess my fault, and crave grace. I should rejoice to be thoroughly cured of this most uncomfortable disease; and if you know of any specific in the pharmacopœia with which your profession has made you familiar, pray prescribe for me, and I will pay you a liberal fee in currency, i. e., *currente calamo*. By the way, did you ever see a pun with its throat cut from here to—here? This is intended as a particular compliment to your "Henglish hear;" so receive it with due gravity.

Has my prescription succeeded? If so, where is my fee? for your articles are as scarce in our valley, as you say money is in yours, i. e., "as scarce as hen's teeth;" if not, don't submit to the steam pipe or the water cure before you try me again. By the way, if your "phobia," like hydrophobia, is communicable through the teeth, I wish you would touch some of your friends before you are entirely restored.

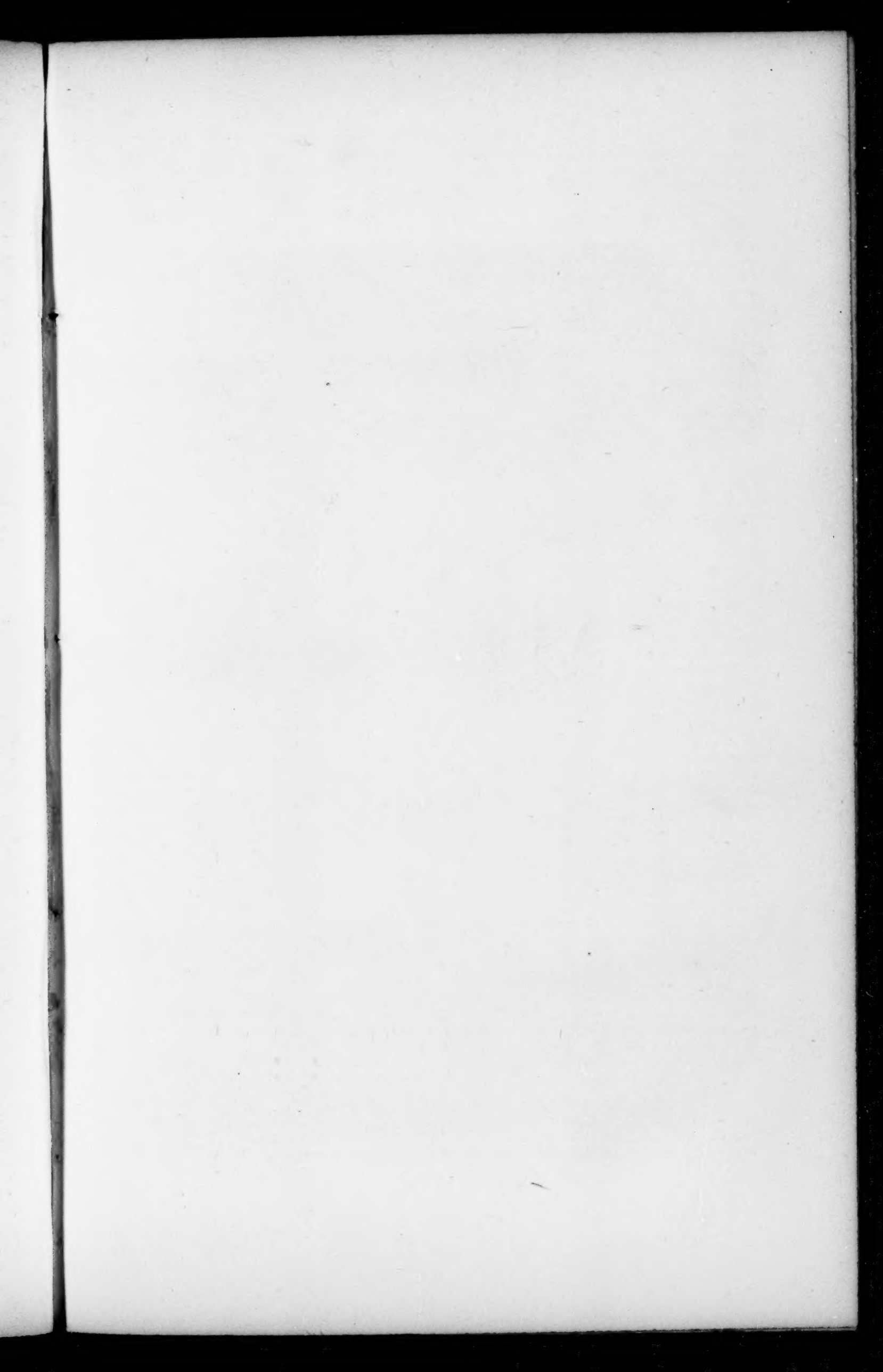
GOOD SUGGESTIONS.

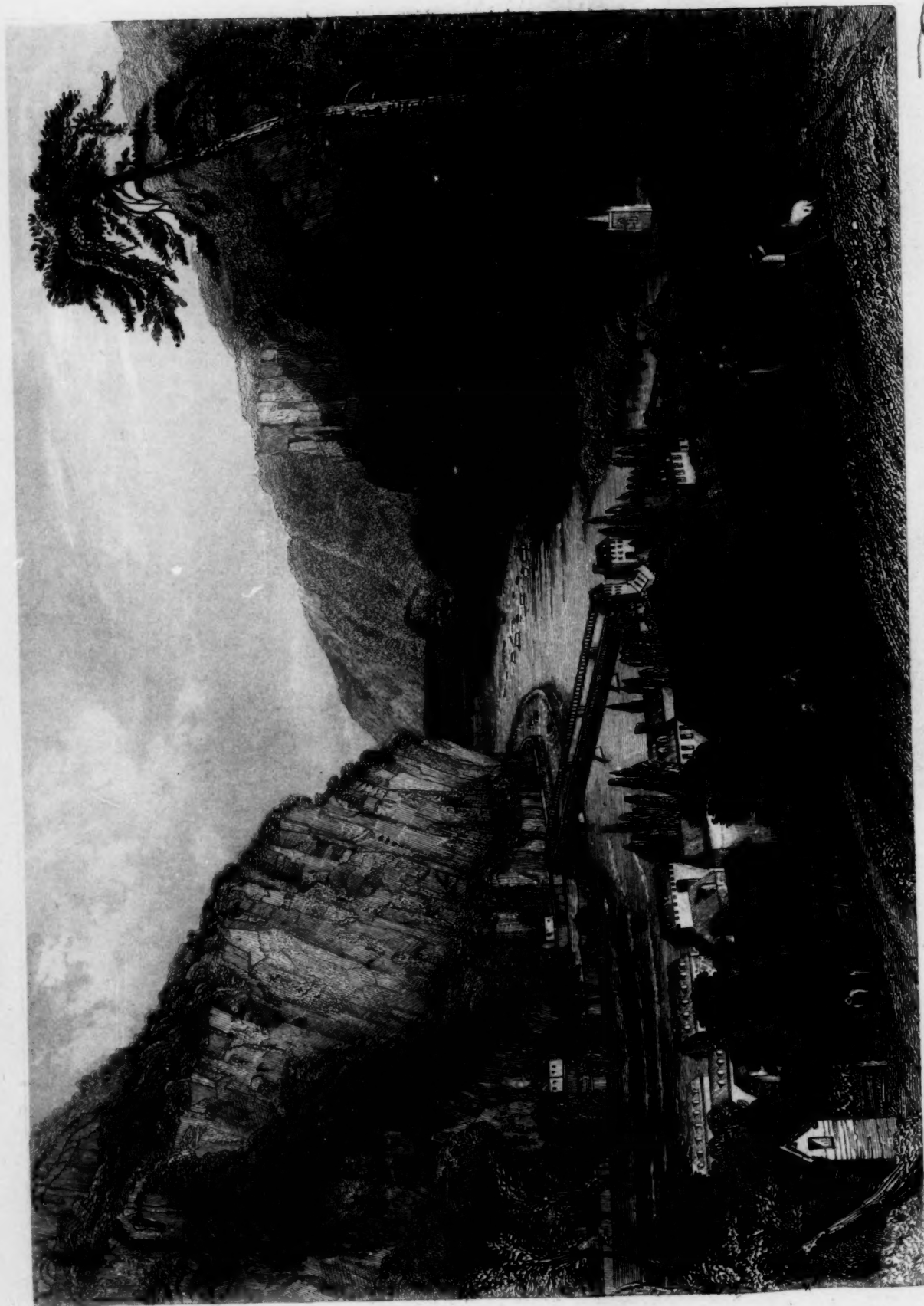
Dear Mr. Editor,—Allow an old friend to make a few suggestions. Many of your articles are too long. Use the editorial scissors freely: if you give offense, you will relieve yourself of correspondents who will do you no service. Short articles are the only ones read—the only ones copied. Don't publish any article which cannot be concluded in one number. I have taken the Repository from the beginning; but have never read any articles published in a series. If an essay can be divided, why cannot each division have a new head? Brother Lorraine's articles were closely connected, but each had a new heading; hence, they were read.

The writer's hints are worthy attention. The truth is, the business of the world must be growing longer and longer, or its mind must be growing shorter and shorter.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We sometimes are requested to reprint. To save all further trouble, we must say that, after publishing one article of Mrs. Dumont, with some alterations by the authoress, we must decline inserting any thing but original matter. The crowded state of our drawers compels us to adopt this conclusion.

Memoir of Mrs. Jordan, and many other articles are filed for an early insertion.





BLAIRTOWN FERRY
(From the Potomac side)